

# The TATLER

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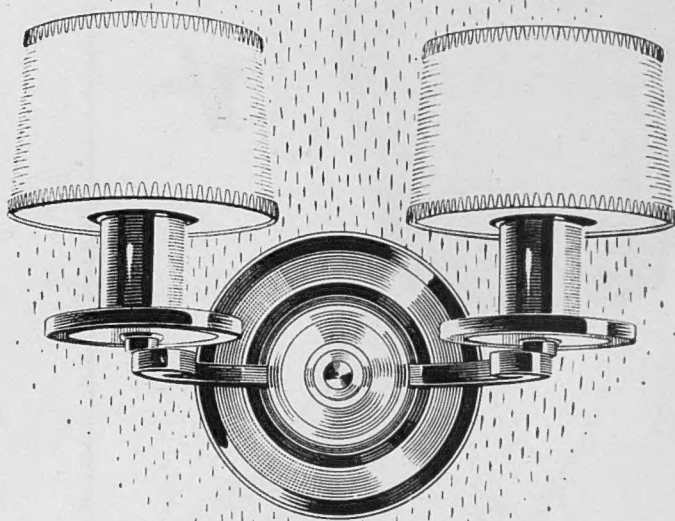
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# The TATTLER

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CAPTAIN LORD AND LADY GEORGE SCOTT

*Yvonne, Berkeley Square*

A recent studio portrait of the younger brother of the Duke of Buccleuch and his attractive and artistic wife, who is better known in the world of pictures as Molly Bishop. Lady George Scott, who was married in 1939, is not forsaking her art and is hoping to hold an exhibition of her works in oils at an early date. Lord George Scott is not the only George in his family who has a connexion with a very famous cavalry regiment, whose predilection is said not to be dancing, for Lieutenant-Colonel Lord George Scott, his uncle, was also in it. Another of his uncles, gallant Lord Francis Scott, was a Guardsman in the same unit as the Duke of Buccleuch



## And the World Said—



LADY BEATTY AND LADY FREMANTLE  
AND NAVY LEAGUE COMFORTS FOR SAILORS

The present conditions under which the naval war is being waged make all of us realize that "comforts" is the operative word for our fighting seamen. The wife of a serving sailor and the wife of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle are seen above inspecting some of the woollies which have been contributed. Lady Beatty before her marriage in 1937 was Mrs. Dorothy Sands. Lord Beatty, now on active service, became Chairman of the Navy League in 1937

"If British democracy has the vitality to accomplish a cultural synthesis preserving the genial features of an outworn Liberalism while assimilating the crusading vigour of Continental Marxism, it will be because men and women like ourselves have the will to create new instruments of research and education." — From "Dangerous Thoughts," by Lancelot Hogben.

ARRIVING at this point in scientist Hogben's redundantly phrased, nevertheless stimulating controversy, I thought of Winifred Holtby who crowded so much fine endeavour—for education and for others—into her short, closely-patterned life, aside from writing many good things, and one masterpiece—"South Riding." Not long before her death she wrote to Lady Rhondda—"I shall never quite make up my mind whether to be a reformer - sort - of - person or a writer-sort-of-person." Her Yorkshire energy and ability, blended with a rare, perceptive tenderness and what must have been extraordinary personal charm, come across in Vera Brittain's "Testament of Friendship" to an almost uncanny extent. Those who read Clemence Dane's "Legend" will know what I mean. Lives of the saints—even contemporary saints—do not always capture the popular imagination, but just as Eve Curie's book about her mother has



MISS FINOLA FITZGERALD TO BE  
MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 1

The bridegroom-elect, Captain Steuart Phillpotts being in the Brigade of Guards the wedding is to take place in the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Miss Finola Fitzgerald is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald and a niece of Major Sir John Fitzgerald the 21st Knight of Kerry. Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald is a daughter of Captain Frank Forester, the very famous ex-Master of the Quorn



MR. AND MRS. PETER COURTAULD

Leaving Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore, after their wedding on January 13. The bride was formerly Miss Fay Cook and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cook of Little Batsford, Gerrards Cross, and Mr. Courtauld is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Courtauld

become a world-seller, so will this testament to a wonderful person; mirrored therein for ever with her times, which were our own until yesterday. The years between November 11 1918, and September 3, 1939, having contracted so that on the surface it is as if they had never been, a craze will arise, five or ten years after the present war (yes, it is going to end; they always do) reviving the two forgotten decades. No doubt in retrospect the Bright Young People, the pale pink intellectuals and the balletomanes will seem terribly dashing, almost Yellow Book, if not Restoration—as glamorous as an Edwardian house-party appears to us; provided we are not old enough to have attended one. Guessing the label the Fifties will attach to the tiny *Lebensraum* of Messel, Coward, Beaton, Beecham, Cunard, Frankenstein, Colefax,



all the Guinneses, all the Lygons and both the Maughams, makes a parlour game. (Did I hear somebody suggest Mayfowl? I prefer Sitwellian.) Taking a larger view of the years from the Armistice to the Abdication, it is impossible to ignore the hold of that vital and most modern prince whom posterity will adjudge peculiarly in rhythm with the revolutionary transitions of his age; fashioned by it to an extraordinary extent, and so fitting to it. Some of Prince Charming's lines in Pamela Frankau's witty little musical give the audience quite a shock—a twinge of memory—especially when the Prince (Margaretta Scott of the lovely voice) makes fun of idle ceremony, and in wooing the nymph Liberty (Dorothy Hyson) expounds some Apple Cart philosophy in neat, satiric couplets. This is a brilliant miniature show, on a par with the *Gate* and the *Little Revues*, though more subtle than either, but its ballet is a bore. In Miss Frankau London has a Rip at last. As none of the critics, except Uncle Agate, are sufficiently bilingual to relish the Parisian quality of Rip's revues, and so assess this newcomer, they mostly sat on the fence like the Neutrals in the best song in the show. Leslie French as an old stage-hand *compère* outshines the scintillating cast, and Dorothy Hyson proves again that she possesses beauty, grace, intelligence and talent. I wonder if Denham will lead Hollywood in her case as it did in Vivien Leigh's? But Dorothy refuses to sign long-term film contracts because her heart belongs to the theatre. Regulars in her present audiences know all the rhymes; a young Gunner officer, seated next to me, has seen the show once a week since the opening. Although the Whitehall, and other places of entertainment, allow concessions to H.M. Forces in uniform, the War Office announcement that while on leave in the U.K. the B.E.F. can wear plain clothes is a step towards distinguishing those serving abroad from the rest—the sheep from the goats as Colonel Blimp might put it. Another good step would be for the W.O. to allow 1914-1918 wound stripes to be worn again, as the Canadian Government has done. These disclose better than any medals the past record of some of the valiant warriors now fighting the battle of Whitehall. We see a great many D.S.O.s and M.C.s from the Great War, but it



## OFF TO FRANCE

Lady Warrender, wife of the Financial Secretary to the War Office, is the President of the Poland's Armed Forces Comforts Fund and was seen off by Major Ilinski of the Polish Military Mission when she left on a visit to Polish camps in France in connexion with a scheme for providing canteens. Lady Warrender is wearing the uniform of the F.A.N.Y. and hopes to organize Polish women in France on similar lines to our own



Cecil Beaton

## SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH

Sir Michael, who is seen in the uniform of the Order of St. John of which he is Commissioner for the County of Caernarvon, is a former High Sheriff of the county and was Mayor of Caernarvon in 1934-1935. His seat is at Vaynol Park, Bangor

is a pity these do not mean as much as they should, having been ladled out to non-combatants in profusion. Let us hope the War Office, under its new chief, Mr. Oliver Stanley, who fought gallantly as a very young man and therefore, unlike his predecessor, can march in step with those serving, will make bravery in action a *sine qua non* for such rewards. Old combatants opine that G.S.O.s sitting in *châteaux* one hundred *kilomètres* from the Front Line do not really need the D.S.O. and should be made to make do with the O.B.E. The old joke about the soldier who ran away during a battle and thought he had been caught by the sergeant but on finding it was the brigadier exclaimed: "Lumme,

have I run as far as that!" went down well with the troops at a wireless camp concert the other night. The boys seem to like the same jokes and the same songs as their fathers. Many of them cherish the same ideals, with the same child-like faith that all will be well with the world in perpetuity when the fighting is done. They forget the politicians will begin a more deadly haggling. Although we have been at war nearly five months there are still two schools of thought about the dim future, and I see no reason to suppose these very distinct elements will pool their differences when it comes to the Conference. That one or the other will prevail is a hopeful prospect because there can be no second compromise between the two points of view which, at the time of the last peace, could be described as the French, or keep-them-down angle, and the Anglo-Saxon (that is British-American), or build-them-up. Neither school won outright. If the French had been allowed really to disarm Germany and keep her from re-arming we should not be at war now. Alternately, if Congress had not gone back on Wilson, thus condemning the League at birth, G.B. and the U.S.A. might conceivably have succeeded in restoring, with colonies and capital, the superiority complex essential to the German mentality, before the emergence of Hitler. As I wrote last week, we poured money into post-war Germany and all it has netted is another war at six million a day. In this country there are more people now than then who believe France was right and will back her firmly next time, but the ruling school—and it is both numerous and educated



## MR. AND MRS. R. CULLINGFORD

Seen supping at the Mayfair recently were Mr. R. Cullingford and Mrs. Cullingford, who was formerly Lady Ratendone, wife of Lord Willingdon's heir, and is the daughter of Mr. Basil Foster, the well-known actor, now managing director of Richmond Theatre



## And the World said—*continued*

—still maintains that, divorced from her present leaders, Germany will join the community of nations in all sincerity—a lyric fancy set to the "Londonderry Air." The brightest tune in *Come Out To Play*, the new Hale-Matthews vehicle, is "Lucky Me, Lucky You," and though "April in Paris" is not so hot it leads to a cute dance by Jessie, and a wave of nostalgia for Paris at any time of year is established. One is left asking oneself whether one will ever do that sort of thing again. Arnold Lunn, for one, thinks one will. He writes from Scheidegg, where for the first time in history the hotel is full of Swiss—"I joined dear old von Allmen in the bar and together with the barmaid we wept for the past.

Being realists the Swiss appreciate the English as 'good guests' but they also have a queer and very genuine affection for us on our merits. There was a real *camaraderie* between the ski-racers of the two countries. I keep on meeting chaps like Fritz Steuri wearing the A-K badge. Physically Scheidegg is unchanged. The lampshade in the bar bears the familiar mis-quotation '*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*' which doesn't scan and should be *nos et*, but there's a bitter truth in that hackneyed tag today!" Mr. Lunn was elected honorary member of the Climbers' Club as a Christmas present, and ski-ers will be amused to hear he heard from the B.E.F., from Robert Redhead (who won the Duke of Kent's Cup last year) in this strain—"I am sure you could wangle the C.-in-C. into having an international ski meeting at Chamonix; all British and French racers to be released for the purpose."

Incidentally Mégeve is full of Tout Paris plus the Portagos from Biarritz. Busy speed-writing a book about his very recent Balkan tour, "Professor" Lunn threatens to put "Failed Ministry of Information" after his name on the title page, in the cheerful manner of the Babu who writes "Failed B.A. Oxon." He has christened the gully you ski down from the first hut above the hotel "S. A. gully" because, like the *Sturm Abteilung*, it is situated near the Home Front. Swiss topical jokes are about the Storm Troops being nowhere near the Front. American jokes still rely on the other type of S. A. For instance a drawing of a floor show crooner with a very hula shape, watched closely by a café society buck who comments, "For one who doesn't speak the language she gets her message over remarkably well." It is good to hear that not only New York but Budapest remains comparatively lively. American-born Gräfin Apponyi (whose husband's pretty niece is the ex-Queen of Albania) has been giving evening parties there, also visiting in Bucharest. King Carol's capital proved so animatedly social they returned to Hungary for a rest! She attributes the erratic arrival of THE TATLER to snow storms, rather than postal frolics. All this snow in the air is agony to winter sporters who cannot bear to contemplate what they are missing. Wengen-ite Sonnie Hale wanted to add a ski-ing skit to *Come Out to Play*, but has been persuaded to write an ambulance sketch instead. I advised him to communicate

with a leading authority, our racing correspondent Quintin Gilbey. The best thing in the Hale show (now at Streatham Hill, en route for Golders Green) is Sonnie's monologue about Bees—"B for Britain." He manages to look like Dwight Fiske and to sound like Noel Coward. This wicked recitation recalls Joyce Grenfell's village institute lecturer at the Little. If Sonnie wants a similar inspiration he must listen in to cosy chats by the Controller of Timber Supplies. Furthermore, veteran Robert Hale has a glorious turn in a music hall scene of long ago, and the chorus is particularly lush in the Grossmith and Buchanan tradition. Having had to scuttle the expensive show they were bringing to the West End the week war broke out, the Hales' venture is a gallant second try which gives employment as well as enjoyment, unlike

some new bottle parties where a minimum staff gets minimum wages while oily promoters rake in the pay of indiscriminating young men who, never having earned so much before, are squandering stupidly. The Chancellor must send his minions after these basement profiteers. They stink. Going nicer places we stop at the Finland Fund in Upper Belgrave Street where, having stumbled over several pairs of skis, I found warm-hearted Madame Gripenberg reduced to tears by a letter from a sympathizer who enclosed her engagement ring to be sold for the cause. Comment: "It's so marvellous of people to give bits of their lives like this." Captain Arthur Montgomery's attractive wife, the film actress Jane Baxter (christened Feodora), works there with scores of others, celebrated and obscure. Well-knowns were out-numbered by the Press at our next stop, the Savoy, where Carroll Gibbons was given a come-back party at which his wife was the most attractive woman, with Lady Jersey, "Foxey" Gwynne, Mrs. Charles Carlos Clarke, Mrs. "Ronnie" Tritton, the intelligent smile, of "Miki" Hood and Evelyn (Spilsbury) Steele as runners-up. Cicely Courtneidge gets a sentence to herself. And Mrs. "Griz" Gates, a sailor's wife, deserves a prize for giving the first of a series of parties for the Canadians. Berkshire is falling over itself to entertain these tall, wonderfully handsome strangers whose future hostesses include Miss



MR. ROBERT SWEENEY AND THE COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW AT PALM BEACH

It is said that the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Miss Barbara Hutton, may decide to resume her American citizenship. Mr. Robert Sweeny, very famous in the golfing world, has had his name romantically linked with that of his beautiful companion by the ever-diligent American gossip writers

Mala Brand and Lady Inchcape. The 48th Highlanders of Canada (Black Watch) and the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada were strongly represented at New Place, in fact all the Canadians present wore the kilt, and some of the older officers impressive medals. The general comment on the voyage was that when they were not being chased by submarines they were being chased along the decks by waves—a rough trip. Lady Hurston and her fascinating eldest sister, Mrs. "Dicky" Herbert, were among Mrs. Gates's girl friends who participated. No ice existed to break, but if there had been any, the Paul Jones and the Lambeth Walk would have induced a rapid thaw. Now all the London lovelies are fishing for invitations to the Sunningdale area; those who formerly said they hated the cold, the country, and travelling in the blackout have developed an intense interest in the welfare of half-forgotten acquaintances who happen to have houses in the charmed Canadian circle.



# "THE ARSENAL STADIUM MYSTERY"

THE  
COMING FILM  
WITH THE  
ARSENAL TEAM  
IN IT



## THE ARSENAL TEAM

The names are of those of the actual side: l. to r., (kneeling) Tom Whittaker (trainer), Swindin, L. Jones, Bremner, Hapgood; (sitting) Crayston, Male, Fields, Kirchen, Lewington (referee), Bastin, Drake.



GRETA GYNT WHO PLAYS GWEN LEE WHO GETS MURDERED



GEORGE ALLISON (AS HIMSELF) AND GRETA GYNT



LIANE LINDEN AS INGA LARSEN

Murder most foul as in the best it is—but this more unnatural than most, because it concerns an adventure of one of England's most popular and most famous football teams. There are, in fact, two murders, and in the end the Scotland Yard G-man gets the perpetrator, but lets him run loose until after a match in which he is playing is finished. This film, which is due on January 28 at the New Victoria Cinema and also at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road, possesses an added interest, because it is all so real, many of the scenes having been shot at the actual Arsenal stronghold, with George Allison and the actual team co-operating as actors—for the first time, be it marked, in their joint and several lives. Leslie Banks plays the Yard sleuth, Inspector Slade, and has a part packed full of the kind of material which he knows how to use so well. George Allison, besides being an actor, was technical adviser.



GEORGE ALLISON GIVING THE TEAM ITS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN  
The names round the table are: l. to r., Male, L. Jones, Tom Whittaker, Drake, George Allison, Hapgood, Crayston

The matter of the story, which it seems almost unfair to give away, is a match between Arsenal and the crack amateur team of England, The Trojans. The picture at the bottom was taken in George Allison's office. Jack Doyce, the Trojan star, is absent and Raille, the twelfth man, is told to get ready to take his place. Morring and Setchley, two members of the side, congratulate Raille, but just before the start Doyce arrives and of course plays. During the second half he collapses and dies—from poison as is eventually discovered! But the slaughter does not end here, for next day Gwen Lee (Greta Gynt), who has been having an affair with Doyce, is stabbed. She obviously knew too much! All most thrilling and mysterious! Inspector Slade guarantees to find the murderer before the date of the re-play of the abandoned match—and he does! This film is bound to be a terrific draw with the public



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Critic in Arms

I AM in a blazing temper. But first I must go back a bit, back to my visit to New York in 1937. Almost the first thing I saw there after I had landed was the musical comedy, *Babes in Arms*, at the Shubert Theatre. About this I wrote in my diary: "This is a fresh, inventive musical comedy played by a sixteen-year-old cast headed by Mitzi Green and Duke McHale. The girl is clever, and the boy is a budding Richard Bird who can sing and dance as well as act. I enjoyed every moment of this; the music by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers is in a fascinating idiom which is theirs and nobody else's. Haunting! The show cost comparatively little to stage—fifty-five thousand dollars only—and could be put on in London for a quarter of that sum. But I doubt whether it would be a profitable experiment. Seeing that it has been put together with many brains, I foresee flattering notices and empty houses. London likes its musical comedy to be solid, substantial, and thick; *Babes in Arms* is airy and fanciful, and the scenery is of the sketchiest. This is as it should be, since the whole notion is that a lot of actors' orphans will be sent to work on the land if they don't make good with a revue of their own concocting. The bill for the kids' scenery is forty-two dollars, which Sam, son of the orphanage master, puts up in return for forty-nine per cent of the profits. 'Just like the real thing.'" And I find that on leaving New York I wrote that among the high spots of my visit had been "the lilt of Hart and Rodgers' score, which has danced its way through everything I have seen and given this hard-boiled city a dreamlike quality." I brought home with me four of the records of the tunes in this show, but to my chagrin could not procure the delightful little dance tune called "Imagine." This had so fascinated me that I wrote to Hart and Rodgers and asked if no record had been made of it. They replied that a record would be made at once for my especial benefit, and a fortnight later I received this record. To ensure against the record getting broken I sent it to H.M.V. who very kindly made two or three extra copies for me. Now, I think that the foregoing sets forth with sufficient plainness the fact that I fell head over heels in love with this naïve little piece, and clearly indicates the eagerness with which I was looking forward to seeing a film version of it. Well, I have seen the film version of *Babes in Arms* now showing at the Empire. And, as I say, I am in a blazing temper!

I was, I confess, a little uneasy at the notion that the boy babe was to be played by Mickey Rooney, all the more dismayed because I am a great admirer of this young gentleman who, when he likes, has more power and pathos than almost anybody else on the screen today. But wasn't it just possible that virtuosity as great as his might wreck the little musical comedy in the way that, I suggest, Toscanini might wreck a performance of Haydn's Toy Symphony. Well, the show was wrecked right enough, but long before Mickey had anything to do with it! It was wrecked by the failure of the transmuting agency to realize that to take a little piece whose note is modesty and then swell it out into a kind of bloated magnificence is the one sure way of wrecking that little piece.

Let me explain. In the original the boys and girls are the inmates of a school for the orphan children of vaudeville artistes. They want to be vaudeville artistes themselves, whereas Authority prefers that they should work on the land. Finally, a bargain is reached. If the children can, out of their own wit and ingenuity, produce a piece of any merit, the land threat shall be withdrawn and arrangements made for the children to go into "the profession." And, of course, the great part of the musical comedy is taken up with the bringing-into-being of the kids' revue. Since all that they can raise in the way of production capital is forty-two dollars, they make the scenery out of cardboard and the costumes out of window curtains and lampshades. Now let us see what becomes



MURIEL ANGELUS AND RONALD COLMAN  
IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

The verdict on this picture appears to be that the screen has failed to reproduce Kipling's prose in a story that was never held to be his best. Muriel Angelus plays the woman who also "failed" and Ronald Colman makes the hero likeable, but Ida Lupino as the little model steals the picture. The story of the artist who after completing what he believed as his masterpiece and then goes blind, was very familiar in the Edwardian era but may be quite new to the later generation. When the model for the picture hacks it to bits in a fit of jealousy, no one has the heart to tell the artist. The model is the really big part in the story

of all this in the film. To begin with, all the parents are brought back to life so that the kids are orphans no longer. It is true that the parents are failures, and that the land threat is held out to the children unless they can make good quickly. And how do they proceed to make good? Well, first Mickey heads a torchlight procession through the town, there being an unlimited supply of kerosene torches miraculously to hand. Next, in place of the original piano, a babies' orchestra is hired, an out-of-door theatre is rented, and a show is put on where the production expenses cannot have been a cent under ten thousand dollars. The show is interrupted by a hurricane, and after some sentimentalities a Broadway producer invites Mickey to bring the whole production to New York. Whereupon it at once becomes indistinguishable from any other Hollywood musical. There is a great deal of music, none of which, with the exception of "Where and When," was in the original musical comedy. At least, I did not recognize any of it, and I do know that with one exception none of the records of the original in my possession appears in the film.

It goes without saying that there is a lot of extraneous Rooneyism, and we are made aware that Master Mickey can play several musical instruments, impersonate several film stars, and black his face to give a reasonably good interpretation of a nigger minstrel. I genuinely grieve for all this. I feel that this brilliant boy is being pushed on far too fast, and that in a year or two he will be just a squeezed orange. If there is any wisdom in this talented young actor's make-up or in those who are in control of him, provided he is controllable, he will pack up while the going is good—for surely he has made sufficient fortune!—and come back to the screen in a few years' time, not as the engaging hobbledohoy but as the grown man. What he should certainly not be asked to do at any time or phase is what he does in the present film—sing a pæan to America in the best Martin Chuzzlewit manner thanking Providence for having taken that great country under its especial care and for bestowing upon it, if not a Nelson, at least a Nelson Eddy!

J. A.



# THE SAVOY'S "ORPHEUS" AND

# HIS LUTE RETURN TO US



MR. JACKSON, MR. H. DORMER  
AND MISS FREDERICA MONTAGU



MR. CARROLL GIBBONS (SAVOY ORPHEANS LEADER)  
AND MRS. GEORGE ISMAY HIS SISTER-IN-LAW



MRS. DUDLEY PORTER, MR. CARROLL  
GIBBONS AND MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE



MR. HILTON PHILIPSON, MISS MIKI  
HOOD AND MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE



MISS DIANA MORGAN, MR. ROBERT MacDERMOT  
AND LADY BARTLETT (MARY MALCOLM)



Braving submarines and any other ocean perils that might be on offer, Carroll Gibbons and attractive wife (for whom see picture above) returned recently to his home from home, the Savoy, after a six months' absence in America, which most of us think was just that period too long.

Orpheus, his predecessor, could accomplish almost anything and not only charmed the beasts on this earth and a lot who were not beasts, but furthermore put the comether over those who were so unlucky as to be permanent boarders in Hades. His worthy successor in our modern times is quite as great a magician and sets every one on their toes no matter how propy and stumped up they may be. This cocktail party was given at the Savoy to say "howdy" and welcome back, and it was in every kind of way a bang-up success. Almost every one as is was there, from that Queen of Mirth our very own Cicely Courtneidge to the newest sons of Mars and many not quite so new like Charlie Clarke and Hilton Philipson, who used to be a Guardsman. A thoroughly jolly party entirely worthy of so happy an occasion

MRS. CARROLL  
GIBBONS AND  
HER BROTHER-  
IN-LAW,  
MR. GEORGE  
ISMAY



MR. H. DORMER, MRS. FREDERICK  
MONTAGU AND MR. HUGH TOMER



# Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

IF a politician with no practical knowledge of racing was made senior steward of the Jockey Club, would the result be exactly harmonious, and when, in due course, his views failed to coincide with those of such experts as Lord Rosebery, Lord Harewood, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and others who have spent a lifetime at the game, would the popular Press immediately assume that he was right and the experts were wrong?

Soldiers have changed a lot since my young days, but the popular idea that any one who wears a brass hat must be half-witted, still persists. A glance at the Staff College examination papers, however, might cause people to change their opinion.

The old-time Red Tab who was solid marble above the ears and whose stock-in-trade was a large moustache, a vacant stare, and an inane laugh, and who thought that it was positively indecent to display enthusiasm on any other subjects save huntin', fishin' and shootin' is very much a thing of the past, and he has been replaced by an extremely well-educated man, who, in most cases, knows his job from A to Z.

By well educated I don't mean that he has just been to an expensive public school (his predecessors had all done that), but that he has overcome this disadvantage from the point of view of learning, and has assimilated knowledge on his own account. It does, therefore, seem a little strange that the popular penny dailies and the equally popular twopenny Sundays, should immediately assume that these men were wrong and that a man, however clever he may be, but without practical knowledge, was right.

A month has elapsed since we had any racing, but in response to the request of a reader, who wants me to devote more space to racing, I rang up a number of owners and trainers last week and asked them how they were getting on. The replies, in most cases, were so vitriolic that I blushed for the girl at the exchange. Unfortunately, the censor will not permit me to divulge from what source I gleaned the following bits of information, for if I suggested that it was freezing hard at Lambourn last Wednesday I might be accused of giving away information which might cause us to lose the war, or at any rate go very easy in the betting at the next Call Over.

One trainer informed me that his horses were big, fat and mad fresh, but that he himself was half-starved and was just getting over 'flu, which caused me once again to reflect that in this

highly mechanized age, a horse's life is preferable to that of a human being, and when that bullet which has its name on it, is destined to be fired, in the horse's case, the bullet comes out of a nice humane killer and the animal knows nothing about it. The human being, on the other hand, after expecting it hourly for months, eventually gets it when standing knee-deep in frozen mud, or on the deck of a ship and is pitched

into an icy sea with the job probably only half done. Who wouldn't be a horse then in 1940? Racing by the *Racing Calendar* such great lovers as Fairway, Bahram, Hyperion and others will continue to keep up their harems as in pre-war days, while the best even the most favoured of mortals will be able to manage in these hard times is to take a little woman out once a week to the Café de Paris. Even our women themselves don't have half as good a time as do the lady horses, though admittedly their families are smaller; for instance, I read of a one-time very lovely filly, though she doesn't look so hot now, who was married to Fairway last year and is shortly to be married to Hyperion which is the equivalent to marrying Clark Gable in 1939 and Gary Cooper in 1940.

Harking back to my quest for racing news, the next trainer told me that his best horse had slipped up on the road and cut its knee, and that his wife had also slipped up, but being a singularly well-covered lady had escaped with severe contusions; he was more perturbed about the horse.

Another well-known trainer who is rather deaf, thought that I was trying to sell him a horse, but as he is well known to have more horses than he wants, and also that he resents people trying to do a deal with him, preferring to do the dealing side of the business himself, he was riotously indignant, and informed me that he wouldn't have any of my muck in his yard.

"I don't want to put muck in your yard," I replied, but once again he misunderstood me, and appeared very insulted, so I rang off.

Yet another trainer told me that all his lads had been skating, and that one of his apprentices had fallen through the ice. He was rescued, however, by the head lad.

"Interfering devil," he said. "I ought to have sacked him years ago."

Just before hunting stopped, I heard of a good stroke being put over by a gentleman who posed as a rich Italian, desirous of purchasing a number of hunters. Dealers, amateur and professional, in fact any one with a skin to sell, took him to their homes and their hearts, and Count Pericoloso Sporghersi had a royal time, hunting four days a week and being done the living best. Someone, however, a little better educated than the rest who had travelled on the Continent, remembered having seen E. Perioloso Sporghersi written up in a railway carriage and translated it correctly as "It is dangerous to lean out of the window."

QUINTIN GILBEY



MR. GORDON ROLL

Youthful brother of the Rev. Sir James Roll, Mr. Gordon Roll came into racing only a season or so ago and now finds himself like so many others in the new armour. He patronizes Steve Donoghue's and Captain Walwyn's stables and as "The Tout" shows is very fond of his horses



"'ERB" MEANS MR. HERBERT SMYTH

This successful and popular Turf personality has his headquarters at Epsom, where he trains for Mr. Arthur Sainsbury and Mr. J. J. Astor, among others. He started his racing life many years ago in Dick Wootton's stable at Epsom and was at one time a good performer both on the flat and over the sticks, a talent which has been inherited in full measure by his son, Ronny Smyth, one of this season's leading N.H. jockeys



HUNTING  
IN  
KILDARE:  
A  
STRONG  
CONTRAST  
TO WHAT  
IS  
HAPPENING  
IN  
ENGLAND



AT A MEET AT FURNESS, MR. PIERCE SYNNOTT'S HOUSE

The names are: (front row, l. to r.) Mrs. Pierce Synnott, Major Bernard L. de Robeck, M.C. (Royal Artillery), Mr. Pierce Synnott, Mr. Claude Odum, Miss Audrey Odum, Miss Alma Brooke (daughter of Sir Francis Brooke), and Miss Joy O'Rorke (Ireland's No. 1 woman angler). Included in the back row are: Lady Brooke, wife of Sir Francis Brooke (on extreme left), Colonel D. Darley (late 4th Dragoon Guards), Miss Diana Page, Major Baron de Robeck, M.B.E. (Royal Artillery), Mrs. E. MacDermott, and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard de Robeck (sister of Lord Cunliffe). Baron de Robeck is at the back of Mr. Pierce Synnott, wearing hat



MISS ROSALIND AND MISS ELIZABETH MANSFIELD  
AND MISS DEIRDRE DE BURGH

The occasion of all these attractive pictures was a lawn meet at Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Synnott's house, Furness, which is near Naas, in the heart of the Kildare country. Lawn meets are not now known in warlike England, but in neutral Ireland all seems as gay as ever, pink coats and all. Sir Francis Brooke and Mr. Claude Odum are hunting hounds this season for a committee; the former is an ex-Master. Baron de Robeck's ancestors were Masters of the Kildare Hounds and were closely connected with the pack in its early days. He is in the big group at the top. The Hon. Mrs. Bryan Bourke is a sister-in-law of Lord Mayo, and this was their son's maiden appearance at a meet of foxhounds



THE HON. MRS. BRYAN BOURKE  
AND HER SON, TERENCE

Photos.: Poole, Dublin



# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Our Fight for Spiritual Values.

**M**R. ROBERT BRIDGES' beautiful and inspiring anthology, "The Spirit of Man" (Longmans; 3s. 6d.), was originally published early in 1916. It has now been reissued, and its return is, especially at the present time, doubly welcome. Its purpose is well explained in the author's preface. "As for the sequence chosen," he writes, "that might no doubt have been other than it is without damage and perhaps with advantage; but, as will readily be perceived, the main implication is essential: namely, that spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life—in so far as our life is a worthy subject for ideal philosophy and pure æsthetic—rather than the apex or final attainment of it. It must underlie everything. To put it briefly, man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit."

This is what we and our Allies are now fighting for: the spiritual values of mankind, his freedom of thought, liberty to find his way towards the heights of his nature unimpeded by tyranny, persecution, fanaticism, the hate and filth of war, the cruelty which would obliterate the weak, the beastliness which makes of force its idol. The cause of freedom and of honour. The cause of human decency and human dignity. No war, surely, in all the history of mankind, was waged for a finer purpose, or had for its enemy one more bestial and unashamed. This little book is a compilation of most of the lovely beliefs men have written which keeps this end in view. It is culled from French writers as well as British. And though some readers may wish that certain contributions had been included, there will be none who would exclude anything he finds therein. It is a collection of beautiful, inspiring thoughts, clothed in beautiful language.

It is divided into four books, the contents of which include such subjects as dissatisfaction, retirement, spiritual desires, idea of God, beauty in truth, Nature, youth and age, mortality, sorrow, sin, ethics and conduct, philosophies and humanities, loving-kindness, sympathies, social virtue and freedom, heroism, life in death, the Heavenly Kingdom, and many more. Its variety is astonishing, and yet every quotation is inspired by the same spiritual back-ground. Nothing is hackneyed. It is a little book in which most readers will make unforgettable discoveries. Apart, for example, from Julian Grenfell's lovely poem, "Into Battle," I loved this stanza from J. R. Lowell's "Ode" recited at the Harvard Commemoration:

... Salute the sacred dead,  
Who went and who return  
not.—Say not so! . . .  
We rather seem the dead, that  
stayed behind.  
Blow, trumpets, all your exulta-  
tions blow!  
For never shall their aureoled  
presence lack. . . .  
They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their  
high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful ever more, and with  
the rays  
Of morn on their white shields  
of Expectation.

and:

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:  
He only knows, that not through  
him  
Shall England come to shame.

and: "Things that I longed for  
in vain and things that I got—let  
them pass. Let me truly possess  
the things that I ever spurned  
and overlooked."

But I could continue to quote  
until these pages were merely a  
mass of such quotations. Each

reader will find other memorable things for himself and probably prefer them to the few I have chosen. That is always the delightful quality of every first-rate anthology. And this one, indeed, is first-rate. If you are often, as I am, overwhelmed spiritually with the horror, the suffering, and the ugliness of today's happenings, and what led up to them, this little book will bring you back once again to the sanity of truth and beauty. After a dose of Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, and the inspired evil of the lying German propaganda machine to read such a book as this is suddenly to leave a sewer to enter a sanctuary. And that is what we all need in these shadowed days. These are the war aims of the average man and woman the world over, who ask only to be left free to follow their vocations and to send down roots from which may grow the flowers of their mind and spirit. Robert Bridges has embodied this unspoken demand of human rights in this lovely anthology.

## One Victorian Childhood.

"Four to Fourteen" (Robert Hale; 5s.), by A Victorian Child, is, I should imagine, a feat of memory rather than an actual diary written many years ago. In any case,

the style changes not at all, even though we are assured that it was begun by a child when about ten years old, and finished, presumably, many years later. In any case, it is not supposed to be typical of Victorian childhood in general, and for this many thanks, since the usual story of a Victorian childhood is almost invariably a torture-story. It is chiefly interesting because, to be perfectly truthful, it is the story of a difficult child and her difficult mother. And as a picture of the ever-expanding human world, as seen through the mental eyes of a little girl, it is most interesting. But it is not a perfectly happy story—childhood rarely is, whatever the sentimentalists may assert. The natural shyness and sensitiveness of childhood is all against it. And the little girl who writes this chapter of youthful autobiography was intensely shy and sensitive. Being so, she certainly had the wrong kind of mother. Her mother was apparently a writer and an artist, well known in her day.

(Continued on page 106)



THE POET LAUREATE

Mr. John Masefield is a well-known figure in the Oxford district and in the University City itself. Above he is seen informally snapped as he was walking down the Broad absorbed in a newly purchased book. Mr. Masefield's own most recent publication was a novel, "Live and Kicking Ned"



AT A NUDIST FIRST NIGHT

Among a distinguished audience at the first night of Gordon Sherry's play about nudists, *The Bare Idea*, at the Comedy Theatre were Lady Caroline Paget, Lord Anglesey's eldest daughter, Mr. John Sutro, and the Hon. David Erskine, in battle-dress, uncle of Lord Rosslyn, who succeeded last August



## KEEPERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

### THE FIRST SEA LORD AND SOME OF HIS STAFF



REAR-ADMIRAL H. M. BURROUGH,  
ASSISTANT CHIEF, NAVAL STAFF, AND  
HIS SON, LIEUT. JOHN BURROUGH, R.N.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND,  
FIRST SEA LORD AND CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF

Those responsible for the efficiency and enterprise of this Empire's first bulwark of defence have every reason to be proud of what their great Service has done in this present war. The Royal Navy's brightest bays have been fully equalled by the occurrences which set the pulses of the whole of the British Empire tingling. There has been no major Fleet action such as there was in the first German War, and there will not be one in all human probability, but we know that the human material is as good as ever it was, and that we still can claim that our ships are made to match. The First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, succeeded to his present high charge from the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, which he had held from 1936 to 1939—dangerous and anxious years indeed. Sir Dudley Pound has a distinguished record of service. He was all through the last war and commanded H.M.S. "Colossus" at Jutland; he has been Director of the Plans Division at the Admiralty, and was Chief of Staff to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes



REAR-ADMIRAL TOM SPENCER VAUGHAN PHILLIPS,  
DEPUTY CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF

when that fine fighting sailor was C.-in-C. the Mediterranean, and he was the Admiralty Representative on the League of Nations Advisory Commission in 1932. Rear-Admiral Spencer Vaughan Phillips has held his present appointment of Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff since 1939 and, besides his war service in our last war, has been Chief of Staff and Flag-Captain to the C.-in-C. East Indies, and was Director of Plans at the Admiralty 1935-38. Rear-Admiral Harold Martin Burrough, Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff since 1939, has the fortune to have a son in the Navy. During the last war, Rear-Admiral Burrough was Gunnery Officer in H.M.S. "Southampton" at Jutland; later commanded H.M.S. "London" and later still the 5th Destroyer Flotilla, and attained his present rank in 1939

Photos.: Bassano



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Probably she was a clever, brilliant woman, but, nevertheless, she ought not to have had children. She neither understood them nor, so it would seem, greatly cared. Her process was a hardening one, which is all right later on, beneficial in fact, but which, in extreme youth, is likely to create an inferiority complex that only long years of secret misery, culminating at last in revolt, will rectify.

Moreover, to complicate matters, the mother had a masculine "tame cat" in her employment. He began as a tutor; he ended as a kind of domestic manager, against which even the child's father was too good-natured to revolt. Incidentally, the story provides at least one problem which stares children in the face, but is apparently ignored by their elders. The problem is the fact that when a child does a certain thing he is punished, but when a grown-up commits the same blunder, nobody says anything at all, even turning it into a joke. It must be very puzzling. And it is the stating of so many of these childish puzzles which gives this book its psychological value. As this Victorian child so aptly puts it: "God didn't seem to be on my side, but always on mother's side." Childish agonies, too—the agony of children in those days being turned into this and that: Kate Greenaways for the little girls; Little Lord Fauntleroy for the boys. Always the agony of mind which besets nearly all children when, in their own eyes, and in the eyes of other children, they imagine they look a sight, while a fond mamma proudly thinks they look "too quaint and original!"

## Thoughts Running Freely.

"Sometime . . . Never" (Victor Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), by Clare Leighton (beautifully illustrated by the author), struck me as being rather a formless kind of book. Perhaps, deliberately, it was meant to be formless. Briefly, it is the ebb and flow, so to speak, of a thoughtful, intelligently curious mind as it ponders over this and that during that gained hour in life which lies towards the end of a Transatlantic crossing, when the clock each day is put back sixty minutes. Consequently, our minds are kept in a state of flux all the time, and there is no real anchorage anywhere. Even at the end one is uncertain if we have gained knowledge of an individual philosophy of living. And yet we are interested; always living in hope that, sooner or later, we shall find a metaphorical footing on which our minds may linger—a kind of jumping-off place towards a fuller understanding of the book's trend.

Perhaps the literary style helps to confuse. It struck me as being a little too self-conscious, lacking essential simplicity. Much of this kind of writing, for example: "The ball of crochet-cotton has fallen into the sand. It rolls away from me along the sloping beach. I make a mild effort to pull it back, but all I manage to do is to unwind it yet farther, and now it reaches the wet sand that has just been exposed by the outgoing tide. It is engulfed by the fringe of froth left behind by the ebbing sea,

that froth which reminds me of the rim around my father's empty beer glass. It is soaked by this sea-beer that smells of fish and brine, this foam that one can scoop from the shore and fling into the face of the wind, till it is caught high in the air and blows its way across the pebbles to my nurse, as she sits against the breakwater, endlessly tatting. That edging of froth is fast disappearing; each tiny bubble bursts, and the ball of crochet-cotton rolls farther down the sloping wet sand, seeking the sea. Let it go! Do not try to stop it and pull it back!" and so on.

## A Book for Children.

Gertrude Stein's little book for juveniles, "The World is Round" (Batsford; 7s. 6d.), is, I am given to understand, an extremely clever story as a child might tell it who was writing in a manner which other children would understand without any explanation. I have read it and really I think a child ought to review it. At the earliest opportunity I am going to read it aloud to a child and watch its reactions. It should be interesting and I hope to be duly ashamed of my present suspicions. I will try a few sentences first. I will read: "Rose was a rose, she was not a dahlia, she was not a buttercup (that is yellow), she was not a fuchsia or an oleander, well Rose wake Rose, Rose had not been asleep oh dear no, the dawn comes before the sun, and the dawn is the time to run, it is easy to run before the sun and Rose did." And if that seems to ask for more, I shall recite: "My. . . . What a sky. . . . And then the glass pen. . . . (Rose did have a glass pen.) . . . When oh When. . . . Little glass pen. . . . Say when. . . . Will there not be that little rabbit. When. . . . Then. . . . Pen. . . . And Rose burst into tears. She did then she burst into tears." And if that succeeds I shall begin right at the very beginning. And both of us will sometimes be most amused. But I wonder if we shall be amused at the same passages or at the same jokes. But, anyway, there will always be Sir Francis Rose's illustrations to provide a sort of common ground to meet on.



LADY MAUREEN STANLEY

A recent portrait of the wife of the new Secretary of State for War, the Hon. Oliver Stanley, who has followed in the footsteps of his father, the Earl of Derby, who was the directing head of the War House during the last disagreement we had with the Huns. Lady Maureen Stanley is the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's four daughters

## A Defenceless Tragedy of Modern Life.

Simon Blumenfeld's novel, "They Won't Let You Live" (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.), is a story of modern life, gloomy, sad, but extremely moving. It is the tragedy of the small independent shopkeeper, who has worked hard all his life, educated his children to their best advantage, tried to save for his old age, and yet, towards the end, finds himself slowly and relentlessly ruined by the rivalry of the big stores, with whose cut-prices he cannot possibly compete. This now, alas! very common tragedy, is made even more actual in the story because Mr. Blumenfeld tells it through the fate of a number of interesting, very human characters. In spite of the pervading sadness of the theme, one cannot lay the book aside. It is a novel which makes you think and you are not likely to forget it easily.

Perhaps one day, when freedom means something more than the greater liberty of the strong, something will have to be done about such a tragedy as this one, somewhat obscure though it may be.



# "ALL CLEAR" FOR GAIETY AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE



BOBBY HOWES AND FRED EMNEY IN A DUET,  
"LULLABY BALLOON"



FRED EMNEY AND ADELE DIXON IN A SCENE  
FROM "ALL CLEAR"



"MADLY KEEN TO ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS":  
BEATRICE LILLIE AS A PASSÉE STAR



Photos: Angus McBean  
BEATRICE LILLIE AS A  
GOLD-DIGGER IN A NOEL  
COWARD SKETCH



BEATRICE LILLIE AND MOYA NUGENT  
"HOUSE WARMING"

One of the most successful of the many revues which are rightly considered appropriate wartime fare for Londoners and leave-men is *All Clear*, now filling the Queen's Theatre nightly. It is enlivened by three sketches and a song (Beatrice Lillie's "Marvellous Party") by Noel Coward, and has a very strong cast, led by that witty lady and Fred Emney, with such brilliant entertainers as Bobby Howes, Adèle Dixon, and Robert Eddison (of *Ridgeway's Late Joys* and other fame) in support—rather too far away from the front lines, some have said, as far as having a chance to show their talents is concerned. Anyway, there is plenty of scope for both "Bee" and Fred, both of whom are at the very top of their form. Beatrice Lillie is seen in many guises: as a glamorous Countess in a true-to-novelette spy story, as a Coward gold-digger, as one of those stars of rather too long ago whose entertainment of the troops tends to be an infliction; while Fred Emney reaches great heights as a barrage-balloon and has with Adèle Dixon a most entertaining duet of his own composition entitled "Mothballs"



## POLAND'S PLIGHT IN CARTOON



"CONSCIENCE IS A JEWISH INVENTION" . . . HITLER  
"THANK YOU, SCOUNDREL!"



APOSTLES OF LEARNING  
IN 'POLAND



"HIS ADVISER"



"DO NOT FORGIVE THEM, FOR  
THEY KNOW WHAT THEY DO"

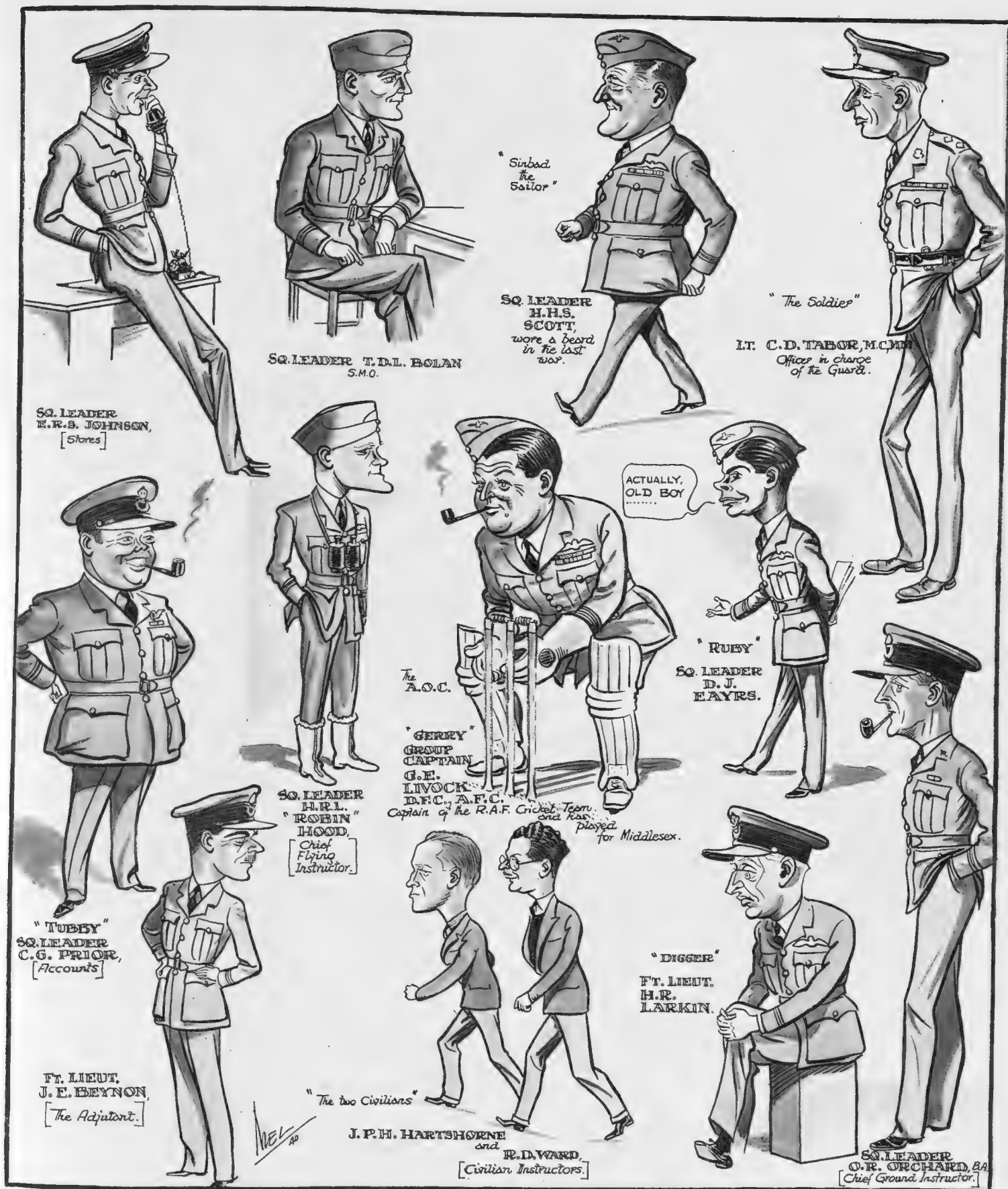


BROTHERHOOD IN SUFFERING

It is appropriate that these wonderfully conceived and executed cartoons of the suffering lately brought upon Europe should be by the hand of that Polish-Jewish artist whose most famous peacetime work is an exquisitely illuminated text of the Statute of Kalisz, the Jewish Magna Carta, which in the thirteenth century bestowed freedom and equality on the Jews of Poland. Arthur Szyk, the artist, has had experience of war against both the enemies of to-day, for in 1914 he was conscripted into the old Russian Army and in 1920 fought for the liberation of his country against the Bolshevik invader as a cavalry officer in Pilsudski's army. His fame as a miniaturist and illuminator is great and rests largely on his ability to create great thematic strength in miniature compass with jewelled precision of detail, the stamp of the true artist-craftsman. He has been for some time settled in Paris and was in London waiting to return to Poland when that unhappy country was torn asunder by the invaders. At once he started on the series of cartoons of which a selection is shown above and which, together with eight illustrations to "Omar Khayyam" from among his earlier work, are now being shown at the Fine Art Society, Ltd., of 148, New Bond Street



# FIGHTING UNITS: No. 16



## AN R.A.F. TRAINING SCHOOL—BY "MEL"

Pictures collected at one of the many spots where they are training the lions to have wings that, as we have seen recently, are capable of carrying them as far afield as that once gay place where *The Merry Widow* came from. Fantastic figures have been bruited abroad concerning the numerical strength of the Huns, but no one has taken them seriously. If the Next Man In when Hitler's wicket falls had even half the flying Hogs this statement said that he had, he would not have waited. Whatever he has, we can match him and beat him, and that is something Germany's Pooh-Bah can put in his pipe and smoke if he feels "so disposed"

# A TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE BERKELEY



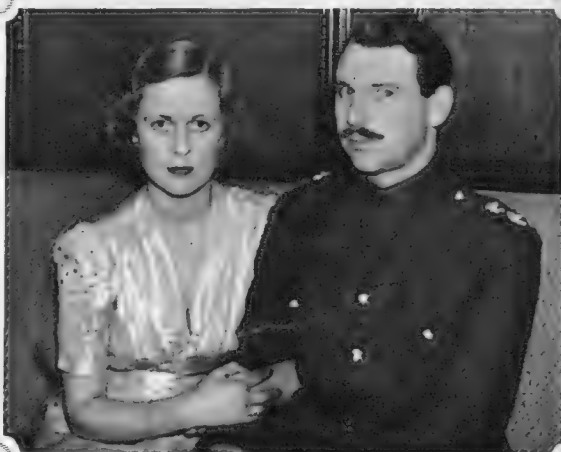
CAPTAIN ARTHUR SLATER AND MRS. H. RIDDLE

MR. GEORGE ELLIOT, MRS. DAVID PHILLIPS, MR. DAVID McCALL  
AND MRS. MARK PILKINGTONMR. DAVID NIVEN AND  
MRS. ANTHONY STOCKERMISS MARGOT DUKE WITH MR. RAYMOND  
LAMBERT

(BELOW) MR. AND MRS. T. P. BUTLER

MISS DIANA BARNATO  
AND MR. DAVID PHILLIPS

One branch of normal social life that has been rather in eclipse on account of the dispersal and confusion consequent on the outbreak of war has been private entertaining on any large scale in London. A very successful party was, however, given at the Berkeley for Miss Margot Duke's twenty-first birthday recently. Miss Duke is the daughter of Captain Percy Duke, who served with the Sussex Yeomanry in the last war and is well known as a former Harlequins' Rucker player, and Mrs. Duke of



Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill. Mr. David Niven, formerly H.L.I. and Hollywood, who has come further than most of us for a smack at the Germans, was "among those present," as were Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Butler, he being the heir of Sir Richard Butler and now serving in the Brigade of Guards. Mrs. Butler is a daughter of Major J. H. Davidson-Houston, who was on the General Staff and an Administrative Officer at the Ministry of Munitions in the last war

Photos.: Swatche



THE  
COUNTESS  
OF  
RADNOR,  
WHO IS  
ATTACHED  
TO A  
RED CROSS  
UNIT

The enemy may or may not be interested in the location of any particular Red Cross unit—but even if he were, no one is permitted to tell him. Lady Radnor has been working with one of these detachments for some time past—and the operative word is “working,” for it is not a light job, black-out or no black-out. Lady Radnor was married in 1922 and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert Whorwood Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge, and there are six children of the marriage. Lord Folkestone, born 1927, being the heir. He has a younger brother, the Hon. Reuben Pleydell-Bouverie, and four sisters

Hay Wrightson,  
New Bond Street



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER—I took a few days off this week for a hurried trip down to the Farm-on-the-Island, in order to collect the staff and the dawg, to arrange about the planting of the early spuds, and—but this was a side-line—to see whether I couldn't wangle a few coffee-beans from the local grocer, who happens to be a great pal of mine. The old sportsman gave me a quarter of a pound out of his own private stock. As luck would have it, I chose the worst day for motoring that we have had in a dozen years. In the early morning, between Versailles and Trappes (about a mile and a half) I counted eleven cars in the ditch, and on the homeward trip, four days later, I was told that by noon the bag was thirty. The breakdown gangs worked overtime, and every garage in that part of the world was full to the doors, and out over the yards, with broken-down cars. This was merely what happened on a snowy surface. At Nogent le Rotrou, where the cobblestones had been swept and a light rain froze as it fell, the roads had to be used to be believed!

There was a nightmare quality about one's progress as one slithered along at about ten kilometres an hour, hugging the gutters in the towns and the snowdrifts at the side of the high roads in the country. Children running out of school at noon in one little village fell like skittles and piled up on the roadway. It was a nerve-racking moment while the car slid towards the kicking, laughing youngsters, all unconscious of their danger.

How I blessed the Providence that placed a

mound of sand by the village pump, into which Miss Chrysler was able to gently stall her skidding wheels. A long trip under such conditions was no picnic. There was also the bothersome business of filling in and signing the ration tickets for one's petrol at the various service stations, badly complicated by frozen fingers that could hardly hold a pen. I don't know how you manage these things in England, but over here we have been given an awkward-sized book, measuring ten by eight inches, of almost unfoldable thickness. Every page carries twelve coupons for each month. Every coupon has to be filled in (a) with the number of the book, (b) the date on which the petrol is taken, (c) the name and address of the owner of the car, and (d) signed by the proprietor of the petrol pump. In little villages where the old people have to fumble for their specs and find it difficult to cramp their signature into a given space, the whole business is more annoying than comical and retards one considerably.

One ought not to grumble about these small troubles, but one feels that if only the authorities had shown a little common sense they might easily have been avoided. For many people in the country, the war means little else than a series of small worries. Meatless days. No coffee. The increased price of small luxuries and—which is more important, but less resented, strangely enough—absolute necessities. The grumblers simply don't understand what we are all up against, and this selfish but very human attitude brings home, more than ever, the certainty that no one ever realises the real horrors of war until war has been carried right into their land. This remark applies, *cela va sans dire*, especially to Germany. Down on the Island I found—blessed contrast to what I had experienced during two-thirds of the trip—blue skies and sunshine. Already the mimosa shows signs of blossoming, and fires are only lighted when the evening comes. Fir-cones and driftwood make a wonderful blaze, and the dusk is heavy with the scent of burning wood.

Give the next paragraph a miss, Très Cher, while I am maudlin about my reunion with the beloved dawg. He was



LADY MOORE-GUGGISBERG (DECIMA MOORE) AT HER LEAVE CLUB IN PARIS

Ever affectionately associated in the memories of all of us as Decima Moore, Lady Guggisberg founded this club in 1914 for the benefit of the Allied Forces, and carried it on all through the last German war. Lady Guggisberg resuscitated it at the Hotel Moderne in 1939, and above she is seen with some of her fortunate guests. In 1905 she married Brigadier-General Sir Gordon Guggisberg, who died in 1930. Lady Moore-Guggisberg is a sister of Miss Eva Moore, who married the late H. V. Esmond



ISA MIRANDA

The attractive Paramount star, one of whose latest pictures was *Diamonds are Dangerous*, in which her opposite number was John Loder. In it Isa Miranda played a diamond thief who had to go to gaol for a few months as the price of her predilections. Another of her more or less recent films has been *Hotel Imperial*

sitting in front of the fire when I arrived and came quietly into the room. He looked up at me and said nothing . . . then he looked again, cocking his head on one side and then on t'other. I squatted on my heels and said his name.

He gave one leap and an indescribable little whimper. During the next five minutes his head was buried between my cheek and my shoulder, while he quivered all over and made throaty little noises of joy in my ear . . . after which we called it a day and reached for the old tennis-ball.

All my friends on the Island are busy with good works—*i.e.*, knitting-needles—and many a farmer's wife is doing the job of two men while her mate is away. Everyone seems to have aged extraordinarily, however, in the last four months. Schoolboys have become youths and small girls have become maidens. Middle-aged persons are now quite old, and many of the old people have taken the last journey. . . .

I met *mère* Mignard, who has six sons at the Eastern front, coming out of the hairdresser's shop. She was hugging a big bottle under her heavy shawl. I stopped a moment to make enquiries and pass the time o' day. I told her that she was looking well, and indeed she was rosy and buxom.

"Perhaps," she answered, "but anxiety . . . it whitens the hair. Jean-Louis, my youngest, is coming home to-morrow, and he must not find his mother different from what she was last August!" She showed me the bottle—it was hair dye!

PRISCILLA.





MME. GRIPENBERG, WIFE OF H.E. THE FINNISH MINISTER,  
AND CPL. PRUDENCE DANIEL, A.T.S., HER CHAUFFEUSE



ACKNOWLEDGING CHEQUES: MISS HERMIONE MERVYN, THE HON.  
WINIFRED DOUGLAS-PENNANT AND MISS STEWART



SIR EDWARD REID (EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE), MISS P. MOYLE,  
LORD PHILLIMORE (CHAIRMAN) AND MR. J. F. LANDON  
(SECRETARY OF THE FUND)



MISS CLARISSA BORENIUS AND MR. J. H. GROSS  
(BELOW) MRS. ARTHUR MONTGOMERY (JANE BAXTER)  
AND MR. J. F. LANDON



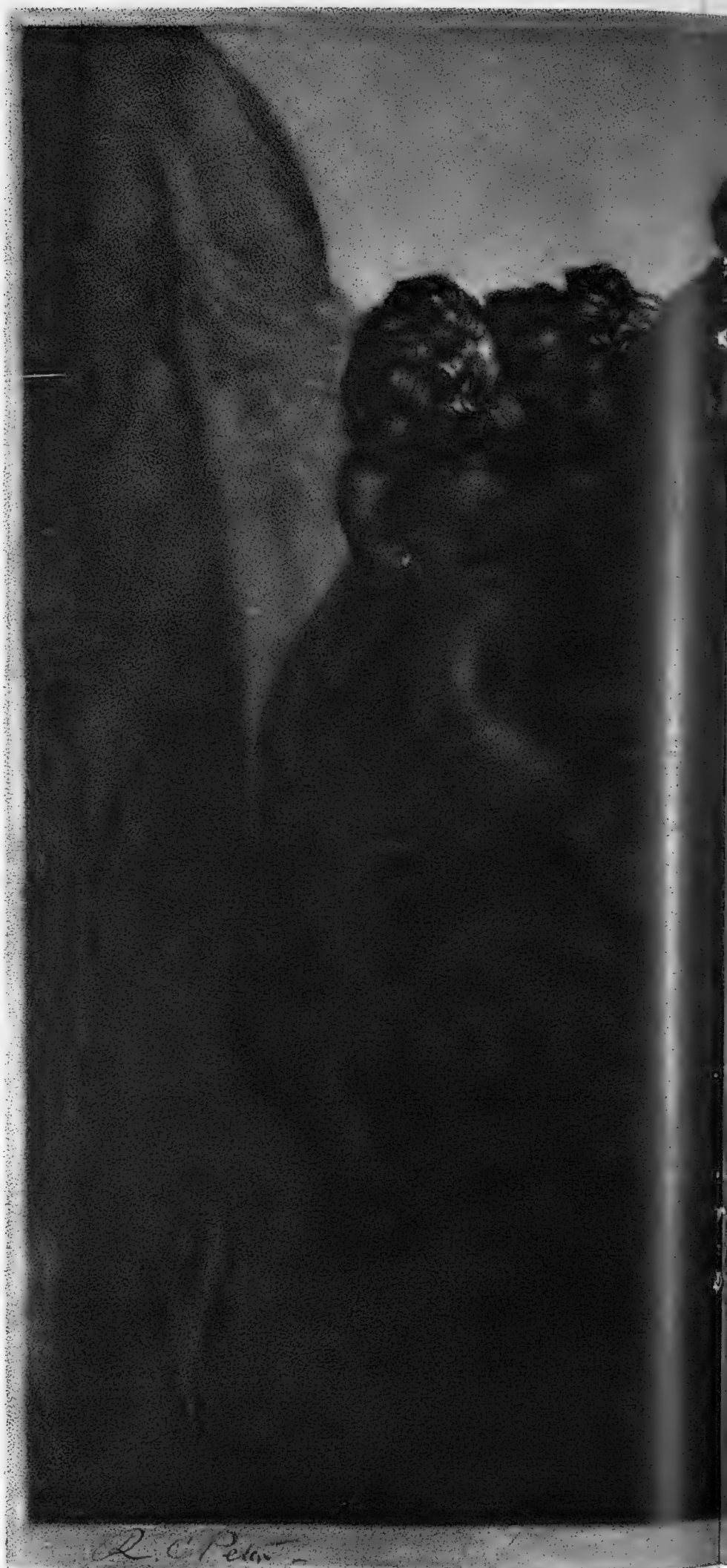
If "silver bullets" can win gallant Finland's war against her brutal invaders, it may be already won. Here is some concrete evidence of our own sympathy. The wife of H.E. the Finnish Minister is seen with one of the many mail-bags which pour in every day, and in the picture to the right of Mme. Gripenberg are some of the many voluntary workers hard at it acknowledging some of the cheques. Corporal Prudence Daniel, who drives Mme. Gripenberg's car, is a very well-known ski-ing expert, and the fund has received many pairs of skis from British runners—most useful. Miss Clarissa Borenius is the daughter of a famous Finnish musician, whose wireless appeal brought in thousands of pounds. Mr. Gross is a fellow-countryman

# "DAWN"

.. By ..

R. C. PETER

EXHIBITED AT  
THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY  
UNITED  
ARTISTS' EXHIBITION  
AT  
BURLINGTON HOUSE









Hay Wrightson

## MRS. CHOLMELEY HARRISON AND ALSO "SARAH"

A recent studio portrait of the beautiful adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Bellew, who married Mr. Cholmeley Dering Harrison in 1936. Mr. Cholmeley Harrison is the only son of the late Colonel Cholmeley Harrison, of Barty House, Bearsted, Kent

"MIKE, how are you, my pretty? Sorry I'm late. Shall we kiss and make friends?"  
 "A kiss won't make anything, Clare. Between nineteen and forty-four it's but an empty gesture."

"How modest of you, darling! I've always secretly admired you as a dirty old man. Is the Ritz always like this in the mornings? So littered?"

"Sherry?"

"I am terribly upset, Mike. Cross my heart, I'm in a state. So I want a Martini desperately. Very dry, angel. I want you to do something for me."

"If it's telling any more lies to your mother, no."

"Don't be so pompous, darling. By the way, you were right about Geordie. He had his hand on my knee right through the fish course last night. Listen, Mike. Why do men do that? I mean, do they think it hots up a girl, or what? How would a clammy hand on a girl's bony knee hot anyone up, or am I missing something delicious?"

"Did you tell him off?"

"Mercy, no! If the old boy has got a bone complex, he can have both my knees for all I care. I just told him I was wearing a new frock on credit and was he sure he had washed his hands. Listen, Mike. I've turned against men. Definitely. The young ones don't know anything and the old ones think that their silly little tricks are the answer to a maiden's dream. And being in uniform has given them a very hungry look, too. So I've come to the conclusion that sex is all my eye."

"So it is, Clare. But wait till you are in love."

"Maybe you are right. When I fancied Mummy's chauffeur last year—remember, the Apollo with adenoids?—I had a very queer feeling every time I looked at the back of his neck. Mercy! Could that have been lust? I see that one day soon I'll have to risk All just to get the low-down on boozling, but I *know* I'll laugh and spoil everything. Listen, Mike. I asked you to meet me before I lunch here with

# PORTRAIT OF A PRETTY GIRL, 1940

By MICHAEL ARLEN

Mummy because things are in an awful jam. It's about Mummy."

"What's the matter?"

"She has gone crazy, darling—completely nuts. You *must* help me, Mike. You've always been such a friend to the family and Mummy always says that you are the most reliable untrustworthy man she knows. So I want you to talk to her *very* seriously—will you?"

"But, Clare, about *what*?"

"It's so hideous, darling, that I simply don't dare tell you for fear of bursting into tears. Can I have another Martini, please?"

"No, you can't. Two Martinis at your age are—"

"You *are* sweet, Mike, darling! Look, I'll pay for it myself—here's two bob. Why don't you try getting yourself kept by some grateful middle-aged woman, angel? I know uglier men than you who have parked themselves on millions. But what's money, anyway?"

"You can tell me when you've tried to make some."

"Cross my heart, Mike, only last week I was offered a thousand quid by an American to go away for a week-end with him. I asked him if he would respect my honour and he said he was asking me to go to Brighton, not Harrods' Toy Fair, and so I said it was jolly decent of him, but he'd get much more fun for his money by buying a new Chrysler."

"What a liar you are, Clare!"

"I know, darling. Isn't it terrible?"

"Now, what is all this about your mother?"

"Mike, you can't *imagine* the awful thing that has happened. Mummy is going to get married again."

"So she told me last night. Well?"

"Mike, I didn't say Mummy was going to be manicured—I said she was going to be **MARRIED**."

"And I said 'Well?'"

"But it's terrible, darling! It's the most awful, disgusting, revolting, shameful thing that has ever happened. Yes, it is. It's hideous."

"I don't agree at all, Clare. I think it's delightful, that Fitz is a very lucky man indeed, and that you are a selfish little beast."

"Darling, I always *said* you were a dud. But seriously, Mike, you know perfectly well that it's a terrible thing that *my* Mummy, at her age, should go letting sex rear its ugly head in her life by marrying old Fitz. You *must* tell her so from me, Mike. She *must* be made to see that women at the advanced age of forty-two, with loving daughters, simply can't go about marrying Rear-Admirals. Mercy! Mummy and I have *always* lived alone, me going in and out of her room at all hours, and now—"

"Clare, do you know that since your father died when you were four your mother has refused to marry some of the nicest men possible just to devote herself to you? She has always been giving up things for you, and it isn't easy to be one of the loveliest women in England and an unselfish mother as well. And now at last that you are 'out' and have your own friends and your own life—at last she is free to have a life of *her* own."

"I *know* all that, Mike! But it's just because she's so divine that I prefer her to everybody else—and I *won't* share her with a stuffy old Admiral who probably wears flannel pyjamas—I simply won't! I'll run away—I'll do—I'll take to drugs!"

"But, Clare, I thought you liked Fitz?"

"Like him? *Me*? I've always detested him—he's got a sort of singing-in-his-bath face—"

"Quiet, child—here's your mother—and Fitz."

"Mercy! Is it one-thirty? Mummy, here I am, and Mike has just been giving me an orange-juice. Oh, Fitz, dear, I've just been telling Mike how I love you and I'll tear your eyes out if you're not a good husband to my Mummy, and—no, I'm *not* crying, Mummy. It's just my cold starting again."





ROSALIND RUSSELL AS SYLVIA FOWLER IN "THE WOMEN"

The film version of Clare Boothe's mordant satire on the feminine half of New York society has repeated on both sides of the Atlantic the outstanding success of the play, largely on account of some brilliant casting and direction. Rosalind Russell has the important part of Sylvia Fowler, the arch-gossip who leads the gang of harpies in wrecking the happy married life of nice-girl Mary Haines (played by Norma Shearer). Following *The Women*, at the Empire, Leicester Square, came a film of a very different type—*Babes in Arms*, starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. The only link between them is that while *The Women* boasted a cast composed of an enormous number of women and no men, *Babes in Arms* is acted by over two hundred children, including prodigies of all sorts, with a stiffening of adults. There is of course, now that the children are growing up, a bit of calf-love floating around, but in the main the film is a back-stage story, with Mickey as promoter of a revue played by children with hereditary acting talent



JUDY GARLAND AND MICKEY ROONEY IN "BABES IN ARMS"



BÉBÉ DANIELS IN "HAW HAW"  
AT THE HOLBORN EMPIRE

The charming lady is aided and abetted by Ben Lyon, her husband, and the voluble Max Miller in George Black's very amusing show which is naturally concerned with a Hunaristocratic Hog familiar to many of us. In the picture Bébé Daniels is wearing a beautiful picture frock in the Winterhalter style made of hundreds of yards of white tulle

A MOTORIST who offered a pedestrian a lift noticed shortly afterwards that his watch was missing. Stopping the car, he picked up a large spanner and, raising it above his head, exclaimed: "Hand over that watch!" The stranger meekly complied, and then allowed himself to be booted out of the car.

When the motorist returned home he was greeted by his wife.

"How did you get along without your watch?" she asked. "I suppose you know that you left it on the dressing-table?"

In an hotel up North, a Scot had just been awakened at an early hour.

"Wha's there?" he demanded in a sleepy voice.

"Quick, quick, sir!" shouted the page. "Get up! There's an air raid!"

"Air raid, is it?" grunted the Scot. Then he added, "Wull, mind ye, laddie, if I do get up I winna pay for the bed!"

Behind the lines the troops were about to rehearse an important attack and were being addressed by the General.

"There are," he began, "certain essential differences between a rehearsal and the real thing. In the first place, there is the absence of the enemy. In the second . . ."

The General turned to the sergeant-major. "Tell the men the second essential difference," he said.

"The presence of the General," remarked the sergeant-major promptly.

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The piccolo player in the band was a grumbler. One day the band was playing before a rich Eastern potentate, who was so pleased with the performance that he commanded that all the instruments should be filled with gold coins.

"There you are," sighed the piccolo player, "that's a typical example of my luck! Mine is the smallest instrument in the band."

The bandsmen spent the money in a grand spree—with the result that the next performance was not so good.

The potentate was furious and ordered the bandsmen to ram their instruments down their throats.

The piccolo player groaned. "Just my luck again!" he said. "Mine is the only one that will go down."

Two negroes were playing poker, and one said "Ah wins; ah's got four aces."

"No you don't; ah wins," declared the other.

"Why, whatever you got?"

"Ah's got two nines and a razor."

"You sho' does. How come you so lucky?"

The cry "Man overboard!" was heard. Immediately the boats were lowered and a long but vain search was made. When the boat crews had returned a roll was called and the mystery deepened. Nobody was missing.

At last a very scared-looking A.B. approached the officer of the watch.

"I think, sir, as 'ow the man overboard must ha' been me," he said. "I went over, but I managed to grab the anchor-chain and climbed in again."

"Then why didn't you report to me at once?" asked his superior, angrily.

"I would ha' done, sir, but being in one of the lifeboats' crews, I had to go away to look for a man overboard."

A man living on the coast of Florida wrote to a New York store for a new barometer. When it arrived he unpacked it and discovered that the instrument was set at "Hurricane."

He tapped it and it did not budge. He hung it on the wall, tapped it again, and still it did not budge.

Very angry, he wrote a strong letter to the store and then went out to post it. When he returned his house as well as the new barometer had been blown away.

Two motorists were zipping along the highway at 70 or 80 miles an hour when a police patrol appeared from nowhere and forced them over to the kerb.

"What's the matter, officer?" asked one blandly. "Were we driving too fast?"

"No," answered the arm of the law sarcastically, "you were flying too low."



EDNA POWELL—"OOMPH" GIRL  
IN "HAW HAW"

The picture is of a phase of Edna Powell's strip-tease act in George Black's laughter-maker at the Holborn Empire. Edna Powell was born in Wolverhampton and aspires to become Britain's "Oomph" Girl No. 1, or whatever title we may adopt for super-allure!



"FUNNY SIDE UP"  
AT HIS MAJESTY'S  
—AND SOME WHO  
MAKE IT SO



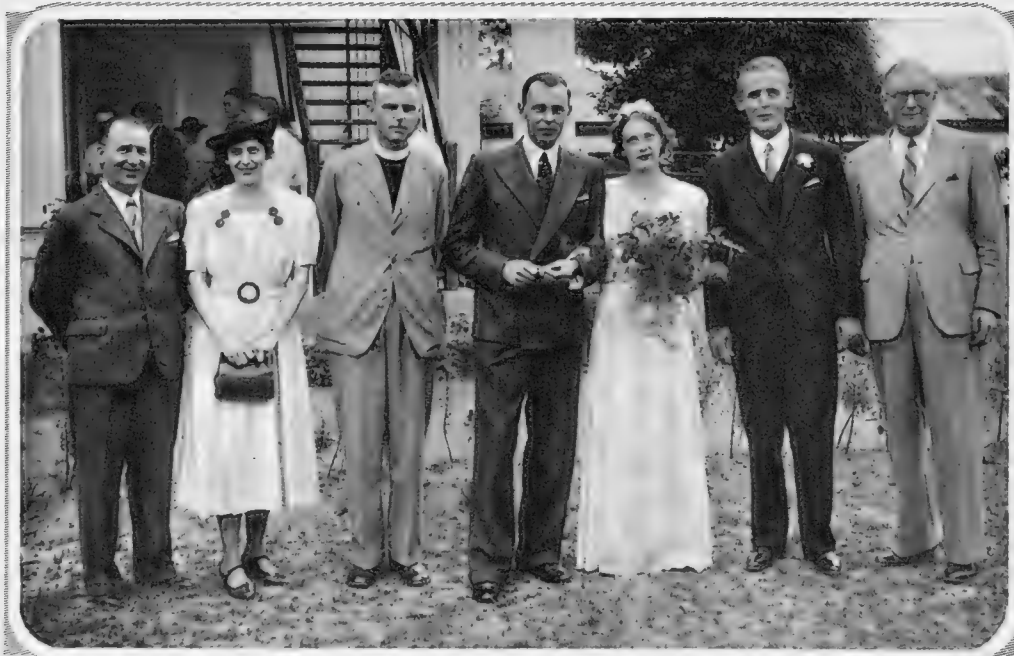
ARTHUR RIGBY, JR.

FLORENCE DESMOND AND  
STANLEY LUPINO IN  
"THE VILLAGE REHEARSAL"

(LEFT) JACK FRANÇOIS  
AND SALLY GRAY

(BELOW) ARTHUR GOMEZ,  
ARTY ASH, HAY DEVITT  
AND BERNARD CLIFTON

This show, which has no other side than the one that is uppermost, is described as a musical one with a "plot"—this may be an over-description, but who cares? One of the reasons why is because it is written and produced by Stanley Lupino (*vide* author at top, up to one of his pranks with Florence Desmond), and has, in addition to these two geniuses, a strong reinforcement of many others who are experts at driving black care away. It has colour, good humour, music with the right kind of lilt, good dancing, and Doris Zinkeisen's setting. What more is wanted? It seems almost redundant to say more, particularly where the author and Florence Desmond are concerned, but it is only fair to add that Arthur Rigby and Arty Ash greatly add to the general jocularity, and that Florence D. and Sally Gray help them out most magnificently in some of the sketches, and that Arthur Gomez, Jack François, Hay Devitt and Bernard Clifton all pull their weight—and then some



MR. AND MRS. JOHN C. LUCAS'S WEDDING IN LAGOS

Addison

This picture was taken just after the wedding, which was held in Colonial Church, Lagos, Nigeria. The bridegroom is the agent of the Elder Dempster Lines at Calabar, and the charming bride, who was formerly Miss Barbara Clelland, was given away by the Hon. C. C. Woolley, the Chief Secretary to the Government of Nigeria.

The names above are: (l. to r.) Mr. E. A. Roberts (the best man), Miss M. E. Clelland, the Rev. R. A. Wright, the bride and bridegroom, the Hon. C. C. Woolley and Mr. G. W. Dunn.

ON a rough all-round reckoning, this war must be costing the competitors £22,000,000 per day. We know that our own expenditure is £6,000,000 per day; France probably has to pay the same: we are told that Germany's bill is ten million. If ever there were any doubt about so-called civilisation having gone completely mad, these figures ought to clinch the argument. In a world that has not recovered from Last Time, no one, friend or foe, can afford to go on. The obvious conclusion must therefore be that money must talk. It always has.

\* \* \*

THE animals and snakes belonging to Herr Karl Schultz, of Tanganyika, are being turned down in any adjacent covert which is offering, because the authorities do not see the fun of paying for their upkeep. It would have been a better plan to have presented the snakes to the Pets' Corner in the Wilhelmstrasse Zoo.

and "Brandy" Dick thought he could stick it out if he could so arrange things that he might teach her to spend it like a lady. So he was after her like a scalded cat. Electrically recorded, the hunt went something like this:

"You are brave, Colonel! I love a nero ever sermuch!"

"Oh, that was nothing to what happened when I went after the giant mugger, the forty-foot crocodile of the Catamaran River." The Colonel paused and took another deep draught of the Halibut Old Tawny.

"That was a go, that was," he said, eyeing Penelope to see whether she would rise. She did:

"Ow, do tell me, Colonel," she said, looking more like a camel than ever.

"Well, I had to go ten miles through the Mossambo mangrove swamp—more like swimmin' than walkin', snakes squirming all round my ankles all the time. Bar some Mills bombs slung round my waist, an elephant-gun and a kukri, I was completely unarmed!"

## Pictures in the Fire

Most people who slay the big beasts of the jungle are quite as modest as is Eugene de Horthy, whose most interesting book, *Sport of a Lifetime*, was recently reviewed in these notes—but of rather different stamp was one Colonel "Brandy" Dick. One of his greatest adventures was his stalking of the Hon. Penelope Haddock, eldest unmarried daughter of the first Lord Halibut of Billingsgate. She had camel's teeth, no chin and was a two-million heirless. She needed every ducat of it,



F.-O. AND LADY IDINA SOLTAU

A snapshot taken at the reception after their recent wedding at Mombasa, Kenya Colony. Lady Idina Soltan is Lord De La Warr's elder sister and has a house, Clouds, at Kilgil, Kenya.



Stuart

THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS XV.

The side which beat the Northern Public Schools' side 20 points to 16 after a hearty scrap on Rosslyn Park's ground in the Old Deer Park at Richmond.

The names are: (l. to r., standing) C. Burton (organiser of the team), N. G. Street (Cranbrook; reserve), C. R. Fielden (Bedford), R. Perry (Bedford), G. C. Bird (Eastbourne), W. S. Peart (K.C.S., Wimbledon), D. F. D. Brown (Tonbridge), J. F. Churcher (Bedford), G. B. Palace (St. Edward's, Oxford), E. L. Mostyn (St. Edward's, Oxford), A. S. May (Dulwich), E. G. Brown (referee); (sitting) Commander C. D. Gilbert (Sec., Rosslyn Park), J. E. T. Middle-ditch (The Leys, Cambridge), W. O. Backus (Kingswood), A. B. N. Pennell (Dulwich; captain), Mr. Cecil Dixon (President, Rosslyn Park R.F.C.), R. Crouch (Felsted), D. S. Brown (Eastbourne), D. G. Carter (King's, Canterbury), Billy Williams; (on ground) A. G. Brown (Dulwich Res.) and H. S. T. Eskey (reserve).



AT THE REOPENING OF THE GARTER CLUB

Mr. Raimund and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal at the reopening night of this popular Grosvenor Street magnet to London's inhabitants. Lady Elizabeth Hofmannsthal is the second of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters, and was married in 1939. Mr. von Hofmannsthal is the son of the late Mr. Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Mrs. von Hofmannsthal.



## By "SABRETACHE"



## ICE-HOCKEY ON THE FORFAR LOCH

On the left Lord Ogilvy, the Earl of Airlie's son and heir, and on the right Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, who is a niece of H.M. the Queen and was another member of one of the teams

"Ow, you were shark-fishing, too?" said Penelope.

"Always carry 'em in my fly-book; yer never know, yer know, do yer? Well, I baited the shark-hook with the bleedin' head of a barnshoot I had just shot. The crocodile swallowed it, bait, sinker and all, and as I made fast with a clove-hitch round a palm-tree I felt something breathin' on my neck. I turned round and saw it was a stinkin' tiger with his mouth open, so I pulled the pin out of a Mills bomb and stuffed it down his blasted throat. I saw no more of *him*! So then I started to haul in the mugger——"

"Oh, yeah!" said Penelope.

"—when a 50-ft. python——"

"You're a liar, sonny boy," said Penelope, "and I don't believe your other yarn, how you caught the

"Well, I never!" gasped Penelope.

"A kukri, yer know, is a cookin' knife used by the natives in Mozambique to cut down their yams and—haw-haw—cut up their relations—haw-haw-haw! Well, as I was sayin', the first thing I met was a confounded hyæna. I kicked him in the wind and that settled him. Then a damned great gorilla got in the way and tried to get a half-Nelson on me. I gave him one round from the elephant-gun in the stomach, and that ditched him!"

"Fancy!" said Penelope, turning pale puce.

"When I got to the river I baited a shark-hook——"



## THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE PRINCESSES AT SANDRINGHAM

This group was taken a short time ago, when the two Princesses came south for a long-delayed reunion with their parents. It has been put forward (by the Princesses themselves) that some less remote spot than Scotland should be found for their evacuation, so that they could see the King and Queen more frequently than the present trying circumstances allow

bison by his tail and broke his perishin' neck! Good evenin'!"

\* \* \*

Lord Haw-Haw seems to have infected even some of the usually quite well-meaning correspondents of neutral news-sheets in Hunspeakable Germany.

"Some blocks of flats," says one of them, "have had no central heating since Christmas, and ice stands inches thick on the window panes."

Why stop at just inches?

However, it is an ill wind . . . ! Mechanisation having made any war of movement quite impossible, John Frost has now wheeled into line. If things carry on as they are going, all these war chariots will very soon only be worth their weight in scrap iron.



## AT "THE BARE IDEA" FIRST NIGHT

Lieut.-General Sir John Brown and Mrs. Kenneth Brown at the Comedy Theatre, where this play—one of an avalanche of nudist productions—has had a success, although disappointing some of its audience by putting its attractive nudists into bathing dresses. Lieut.-General Sir John Brown has been Deputy Adjutant-General at the War Office since 1939 and was D.D.G. the Territorial Army, 1937-39



Stuart

## THE NORTH OF ENGLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS XV.

Though this side led the Southerners (see opposite page) by 16 points to 6 at half-time, they eventually lost the match by 20 points to 16, owing to the South's brilliant counter-attack

The names are: (l. to r., standing) B. A. Snodgrass (Waterloo Club; organiser of the match), J. W. Bowen (Llandover), W. H. Gorman (Llandover), M. A. Sutton (Ampleforth), G. A. Wilson (Oundle), H. M. Steward (Wrekin), L. Bruce-Lockhart (Sedburgh), D. M. Gaynor (Ampleforth), H. D. Williams (Oundle); (sitting) M. E. Posada (Mount St. Mary's), C. M. Robson (St. Peter's, York), H. R. Birtwistle (Sedburgh), K. A. N. Spray (Oundle; captain), A. L. Evans (Workshop), R. J. Naismith (Workshop), C. M. Edgehill (Christ's, Brecon)

# PETROL VAPOUR

By  
W. G. McMINNIES

## Enter the "Anglia."

**R**EFRESHING news. A new Ford 8-h.p. saloon, specially produced to meet the home and overseas demand for wartime economy, makes its bow under the name of "Anglia." The plain saloon costs £126, the *de luxe* model £10 more.

With a new and attractive frontal appearance and body-lines that flow pleasantly into a large under-cover luggage container, this "Eight" also appeals by reason of its spacious coachwork. This provides exceptional head-, leg-, and elbow-room for a car of this class, without the inconvenience of foot-wells. Front seats, mounted on tubular steel frames, adequately fit and support the figure, while the rear seats feature arm-rests. Another thoughtful item at the back is a wide shelf for accommodating parcels, respirator-cases, etc. There is also a full-width shelf beneath the instrument-panel, where indirectly-lit instruments, including an electric clock, are displayed attractively.

The engine follows previous Ford "Eight" practice. A silent second-speed, with synchronising mechanism between second and top, and self-energising brakes with hand-control of the pistol-grip type, are other points of note. Lastly, a bumper-jack which enables any wheel to be raised quickly without undue stooping or groping under the car will appeal to all owner-drivers.

## An Amusing Translation.

A young friend, commissioned to translate a German car-instruction book, came to me for help in regard to some of the technical terms employed. According to his dictionary, to time the ignition the crankshaft had to be set at the "moment of death," the carburetter was fitted with a "swimming-bath," the silencer dealt with the "out-puff gas," the engine should be dosed with "over oil" and its "bath-tub" drained periodically, the window winders should be treated with "suet," and the "wind wing" belt tensioned occasionally.

In case you can't grasp the significance of these terms, the solutions are "dead-centre," "float-chamber," "exhaust," "upper-cylinder lubricant," "sump," "grease" and "fan."

## Opening the Winchester By-pass.

**E**ight or nine years' work and the expenditure of some £420,000 have at last resulted in the opening of

the five-and-a-half-miles long Winchester by-pass. This twin concrete carriage-way skirts the east side of Winchester, starting at King's Worthy, in the north, where the Basingstoke and Guildford roads join, and ending at Compton,

two miles along the Winchester-Southampton road. Consequently, it will relieve Winchester's narrow and staggered cross-over of all traffic between Southampton, London and Basingstoke directions. But it will not benefit those on their way from the east to Romsey, the New Forest and Bournemouth, unless at some future date the southern end of the by-pass is carried on to the Winchester-Romsey road.

The engineering difficulties encountered must have been considerable. Very deep and extensive cuttings have been hewn through the chalk hills.

A considerable part of the road was laid over the treacherous surface of water-meadow land, a branch line of the Great Western Railway was moved bodily a few feet, so that the road could be squeezed in between it and the hill, and finally a tall and imposing bridge had to be built to carry the fork road from New Alresford over the by-pass. At one point near here a semi-clover-leaf twists south-bound traffic back into Winchester, without upsetting the main vehicular stream; while at the southern end of the road a rather elaborate arrangement of bridging and cutting brings the by-pass up beside the old Winchester-Southampton road. At this point, motorists coming from the centre of Winchester and proceeding to Southampton will have to exercise the greatest caution. For the old road turns sharply left and stages an awkward island before dipping under a narrow bridge carrying the by-pass, which it joins at the head of a steep slope. This part of the lay-out suffers from cramp, and will probably cause many accidents, unless the greatest care is taken.

## Keeping the Country Beautiful.

**T**he landscaping of the road has been well carried out. From the air it appears like a great white serpent squirming over the downs. The curves give it an informal appearance, which does not detract from the amenities of the countryside. The narrow strip which divides the twin tracks has been planted with flowering shrubs of various kinds presented by local residents and by certain societies interested in preserving the beauty of the country



OFFICERS OF A CANADIAN MACHINE-GUN REGIMENT

A good few of the officers in this group, as may be noticed, are not having their first smell of villainous saltpetre, and therefore will know exactly the kind of medicine which is best calculated to let the Hun know just where he steps off. The actual name of the unit is naturally *verboten*. The names are (l. to r., standing) Lieuts. H. Marr, Walshe, Macdonald, Irvine, Clift, Fullerton and Dupins; (centre row) Lieut. Dawe, Captain de Faye, Captain Klaehn, Captain Gray, Lieuts. Thompson, Bradbrook and Rankin; (sitting) Captain Croll, Major Walker, Major McKerron, Major Thomson (Second in Command), Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Potts (C.O.), Captain Enbury (Adjt.), Major Scott Dudley, Major Reynolds and Major Lancaster



Lafayette

AIR MARSHAL SIR CHRISTOPHER  
COURTNEY, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

A recent portrait of the officer appointed to be Air Member for Supply and Organisation on the Air Council. Sir Christopher Courtney was Air Officer Commanding British Forces in Iraq from 1937 to 1939, in which latter year he attained his present rank



## BEHIND THE SCENES

### BACKSTAGE OF TWO LONDON SUCCESSES



MARGARETTA SCOTT AND MRS. NIGEL TANGYE  
(ANN TODD)



DOROTHY HYSON IN HER  
DRESSING-ROOM



HERMIONE DARNBOROUGH AND GERTRUDE  
MUSGROVE



ROBERT HALE, SONNIE HALE AND JESSIE MATTHEWS  
BACKSTAGE IN "COME OUT AND PLAY"

"The glamour of the Green Room" is amply emphasised by this page of photographs taken "round behind" at two of London's most popular light shows. At the Whitehall Theatre Margaretta Scott, who was introducing her new Scottie to another distinguished actress when the camera called at her dressing-room, has temporarily forsaken Shakespeare to be a brilliant principal boy in Pamela Frankau's new-style Cinderella called *Who's Taking Liberty?*, with charming Dorothy Hyson as Cinderella—Liberty. In the same cast is Gertrude Musgrove as Observa, a neutral who, at the moment, looks like necessitating a re-write by having her neutrality taken away



JESSIE MATTHEWS



EDWARD MATTHEWS AND PEGGY RAWLINGS READY  
TO GO ON IN "COME OUT AND PLAY"

from her. Hermione Darnborough, a Vic-Wells dancer who was in the very successful *Balalaika*, is the première ballerina in the pantomime. *Come Out and Play*, the new Jessie Matthews-Sonnie Hale show, is very much a family affair, for Jessie Matthews is, of course, Mrs. Sonnie Hale, and the cast also includes Sonnie's father, the famous musical comedy veteran, Robert Hale, and Jessie's brother, Edward Matthews. The show has had a great success at Hammersmith, is now at Streatham Hill, and after a short season at Golders Green is expected in the West End, where it should go over as big as it has on the outskirts

# AIR EDDIES

By  
OLIVER STEWART

## Uses of Camouflage.

A CERTAIN pilot flying around in extremely bad visibility the other day plunged through the fringe of a balloon barrage and nearly gave the balloon crews heart failure. He then landed at a much prohibited and highly secret military station. On being asked what on earth he thought he was doing, he replied that he had got lost and that he had had to land at that particular aerodrome because it was the only one he could be sure of finding. He then added that *he could always recognise it by its camouflage.*

Another story, which matches this one, is of the pilot of the expensive air liner who overshot on landing and ran into a hedge, doing a considerable number of pounds' worth of damage. His explanation was that he had seen the hedge, but had known that it was only a camouflage one!

The photographs of British positions that have been appearing in the German papers rather suggest that camouflage is of little use. For the aerodromes and other points seem to be recognised without difficulty by the enemy. Actually, however, it is not quite so simple as that. It is one thing to find an aerodrome from map references and then to take a photograph of it when flying extremely high and under conditions which allow escape tactics to be adopted at a moment's notice; it is another thing to find that same aerodrome and to come down low enough to bomb it successfully.

For bombing it is important to be able to recognise the aerodrome from a distance. For photography it is not so vital. Camouflage, however many funny stories it may give rise to, is of great value.

## Reith and "Minnie."

Lookers-on, who are supposed to

admiration for the Press.

You and I may not like the Press; but the Ministry of Information largely depends upon it and ought to co-operate with it. Consequently, one would imagine that its head should be one who, even if he knows nothing about it, does not actively dislike it. I think that the real reason Sir John has been chosen is that he is thought to be a "strong man." As I say, I have never had the opportunity of meeting Sir John during the period he has been head of Imperial Airways and British Overseas Airways; but outwardly there has been no sign that any strong man has been at work in either of these organisations. In fact, the aeronautical progress in Imperial Airways, as distinct from progress in "staff organisation" or secondary matters of that kind, has been much slower since Sir John took on than it was in the days of Mr. Woods Humphrey.

I think it would be an excellent thing now if we could persuade Mr. Woods Humphrey to come back and take over British Overseas Airways. It is clear that he ought never to have been allowed to go, and that, if British commercial aviation is ever to recover, he must be brought back. The opportunity for putting British commercial aviation as much on the way to recovery as is possible during war now occurs. Let us take it.



TEST PILOT

Flight-Lieutenant Tommy Rose, one of the R.F.C. "aces" of the last war, is now a test pilot for an aircraft manufacturing firm where the Miles "Master," a training machine capable of 270 m.p.h. and extensively used by the R.A.F., is produced. High speeds are no novelty to Tommy Rose, for he was the winner of the King's Cup race in 1935, and at one time held the record from England to the Cape.



Lafayette

AIR MARSHAL A. S. BARRATT, C.B.,  
C.M.G., M.C.

The controversy over the degree of co-operation between the R.A.F. and the B.E.F. in France has been settled by the appointment of Air-Marshal Barratt as A.O.C.-in-C. British Air Forces in France, to work in close co-operation with Lord Gort, while remaining directly responsible to Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall at home. Air Marshal Barratt was formerly A.O.C. Air Forces in India, and has been an airman since he was seconded from the Army to the Royal Flying Corps in 1914.

see most of the game, will have some trouble in understanding the appointment of Sir John Reith to the Ministry of Information, or "Minnie," as it is called. In aviation, at any rate, we have learnt that Sir John is one of those who, for some reason or another, will have nothing to do with the Press. I do not know whether he is shy of the Press, or whether he simply dislikes it, but I do know that he will not allow its representatives to see him. Now, it is clear that the right man to take charge of the Ministry of Information is one with a fanatic belief in and a sincere



Hartif

MRS. JAMES FAIRBAIRN

The wife of the Australian Minister for Air has, like her husband, recently been on a visit to this country. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forrester, of Melbourne. Mr. Fairbairn also visited Canada in connection with the Empire pilots' training scheme.

## Activity.

While the War Cabinet decision not to allow a bomb to be dropped on any land target remains in force, the Royal Air Force resembles in some respects a boxer fighting with one hand tied behind his back. It may be perfectly right to prohibit the bombing of land targets—that is a matter which only the War Cabinet is capable of settling. But while it is prohibited I think that the Air Force should remain strictly on the defensive. I feel that this mixture of defensive and offensive action that has been required recently is asking a lot of the well-trained and extremely brilliant aircraft crews of the Bomber Command. The Air Force is not a very elastic arm and it should either be fully on the offensive or fully on the defensive. Half-way houses are dangerous.

If the Germans continue and intensify the activities of the few days just before I sat down to write these notes, it may be necessary to take more drastic action against them. Our small fishing and other unarmed vessels must be protected against attack from the air, and it may become necessary to attack German bases in order to protect them.





# *The 1939* **P**olish Himalayan Expedition—

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of Ovaltine”*

The Medical Officer of the Expedition  
writes :

*“I was very frequently called upon to administer  
‘Ovaltine’ to exhausted climbers upon their  
return to the Base Camps at the feet of Nanda  
Devi East and the Trisuli Peaks.*

*“I cannot speak too highly of its restorative  
action under such acid tests, nor, under  
ordinary conditions, of its marvellous properties  
as a valuable food.”*

(signed) . . . Major I.M.D. (R.)

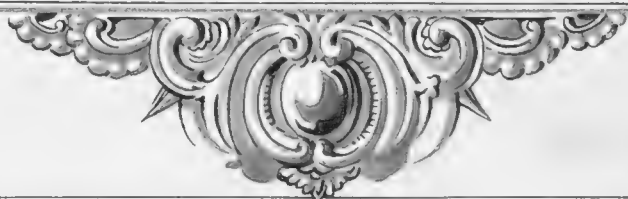
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# Ovaltine

*The Supreme Beverage  
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P514A

# THE FEAR THAT I HAVE—

By MAXWELL ALEY

CLINTY wasn't sure just when he had first become aware of the pale-faced fat man who was trailing him. The face was such an average face that it merged into every crowd. You saw so many faces like it—pudgy, colourless, without distinguishing expression. And the body below it, in a commonplace grey suit, always slightly baggy—that body only served to make the face more average. The world was full of middle-aged men like this. Only after he had seen the man many times had the face registered on his mind. Then he had realised, with a clutch of fear, that it was the sort of face that could harden into sinister cruelty—especially if the fat, white hands held a gun.

Philadelphia? No, that was too soon after he had left New York with his satchel of diamonds. Maybe Detroit. There'd been half-a-dozen cities in between. In Chicago he had started slightly when he saw the face across the cafeteria of the hotel. St. Louis? *That* was where it had become a certainty! That was where he'd proved the man's evil, doubling back, going in one door of a big store and out another, only to find that he could not lose this thing that followed him.

Now, here in this Texas city which was such a long, long way from home, the face was a terror. He had only seen it once, looking in at the window of a jewellery store—but once was enough.

Sitting alone now in the impersonal surroundings of his hotel room, Clinty wished that he had never agreed to go on this trip. He thought of the safety of his little suburban home out in Jersey, with Bella, his wife, and Tommy, his kid, and no fortune in diamonds to bother about; and of the routine of the office in Maiden Lane, where, though there were fortunes in diamonds stored in the safe of Fornier and Co., the protection was so adequate that one never worried. Here—

His hand closed convulsively on the handle of the black satchel. Suppose—

He got up and walked back and forth restlessly; lighted a cigarette, ground it out; looked out of the window and was reassured by a four-storey drop; tried the door and found the flimsy lock disquieting. Maybe the hotel safe . . . No. He'd better keep the satchel with him.

He'd been a fool to come on this trip. Just a fool—and an easily flattered fool at that. If he lost those damned pieces of glittering ice everything in life would be ruined for him. No one ever believed in a diamond-salesman robbery. Always thought the salesman was in cahoots and getting his. Like Sanders. Sanders had been robbed in Chicago on the autumn trip. There were circumstances, but still . . .

Clinty thought of Sanders, whom he'd never liked, actually with compassion. And, poor devil, though they'd proved nothing on him, he'd lost his job, and he'd never get another. He had a wife and a kid, too. Suddenly Clinty saw Sanders' tragedy in terms of himself: if a robbery happened to him and he lost his job with Fornier's, Bella and Tommy . . . The sweat came out on his forehead. He shivered. It was Fornier's fault. The predatory old buzzard had come to him and said *he* was a man they could trust—he wouldn't let them down like Sanders had—and would he swing round the circuit and see the trade? So here he was. Yes. With sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in that black bag.

He ran his hand over it and snatched it away as though it burned him. He looked at his palm as though he expected to find it seared. Well, why not? They burned with an unholy fire, those glittering, precious bits of stone. They were evil. Sweated labour dug them painfully from great wounds in the earth. They were ugly pebbles at first, until they had been laboriously cut and polished. And always men schemed and plotted and risked their lives to get them away from other men. And for what? So that still other men might sell their souls to give them to vain women.

He looked at the black bag with a growing hatred. Those evil, shining pebbles inside had a purely fallacious value. Glass could be doctored up to give forth as much glitter.

And if the black bag were filled with paste diamonds he wouldn't be in danger as he was now—the face could come, the fat hands could threaten with a gun, and it wouldn't matter. Bella and Tommy and the little house in Jersey would be safe. Diamonds? Damn diamonds!

Someone passed in the corridor—a heavy tread, slow, regular, purposeful. As though his eyes could penetrate the walls, Clinty saw a heavy figure, and above it a pale, pudgy face. The steps passed, then came again, paused, and he heard the sound of a key in a lock, a door opening, closing. . . . *He* was in the next room.

Silence for a moment, and then through the flimsy wall that tread again. Like doom.

Clinty stood in the centre of the room, breathing heavily. The sweat broke out all over him, but his body was cold.

"The fear that I have hath come upon me!" Who had said that? Where had he heard it? "The fear—" This was nonsense—nonsense. Imagining things—that's what he was doing.

The man—the man was probably just another travelling salesman like himself. The next time they met he'd go up and speak to him. "How yuh, buddy? How's business? What's your line?"

Clomp . . . clomp . . . clomp! Back and forth went the steps in the next room. A heavy figure in a baggy grey suit, and above it a white, pudgy face with no expression. God!—if the thing only looked human—like a—like a man with a wife and a kid and a little house in Jersey! Clomp . . . clomp . . . clomp!

This wouldn't do. He'd go down and get some dinner and then see a picture show. He'd put the damn satchel in the hotel safe and forget it. If anybody cracked *that*, old Fornier couldn't blame him.

He went into the bathroom to have a wash. The running water drowned out the sound of those footsteps, and the cold of it on his hot face was refreshing. He came back feeling better.

What stopped him was the sound of a key in the lock next door.

Then those heavy footsteps in the corridor, and suddenly, bang! bang! on his door—two knocks. Inside Clinty's head they were twin explosions.

But suddenly he steadied. It was a relief to have something happen at last. He kicked the black satchel under the bed and went towards the door. If the Forniers had only let him carry a gun! But a man could fight—for his wife and his kid and a little house in Jersey. His hand was almost steady as he threw the bolt, turned the knob, and let the door swing slowly open.

He knew what he'd see—that pudgy, white face. . . . It was there, and it seemed to swim like a white plate against the corridor's semi-darkness. The thing had a death's-head grin. Clinty braced himself to swing, tensed his arm—

Out of the mouth came a wheezy voice. It said, "Easy, kid—easy! Jeeze—say, I thought you'd been wise since back in St. Looie!" He stuck out a hand. There was no gun in it. "Shake, kid. I'm Harry Portor. Yeah—I know, you're Tom McClintick. Reckon I oughta know . . ."

He looked at him curiously. "Well, I just been figgerin' you an' me oughta get together. Oughta fix somethin' up—"

Clinty stood with legs braced, body tense. Get together? Fix something up? Huh! The dirty bum! What'd he think? "I don't quite get you," he said, and his voice sounded a long way off.

"You don't—listen, kid! You're wise! Quit kiddin' me. I'm damned tired of all this. You been the dullest job I ever had. You never go anywhere or do anything—not a dame, an' only two pitcher shows the whole trip. Why, I wrote old Fornier yesterday—"

"Take it easy—" The voice was kind and concerned now, and one fat hand reached out and steadied him. "That's it—right over there on the bed! Reckon it's the heat got you. Okey-dokey! There—take a big swig, kid. You'll be better in a minute."





*"Somewhere  
in  
England"  
tonight!*

Prepared as we are to make sacrifices most cheerfully; resigned as we may be to rationing and regulations, there are few women who do not sigh with relief to learn that the sheer loveliness of Bear Brand stockings remains available to all.

During these rather difficult days it is not only a woman's pleasure to look her best—it's her downright duty as well. And to this praiseworthy national service Bear Brand lend their willing aid—giving glamorous, bewitching beauty.

Incidentally their most tenacious lease of life makes them one of the most economical of all fashionable luxuries.

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



By M. E. BROOKE

LIKE unto the breath of spring is the trio of hats portrayed; they may be seen in Harrods' (Knightsbridge) artistic salons. An eminent physician has described a new and flattering hat as an excellent mental tonic. The chef d'oeuvre on the left is carried out in royal purple felt, the crown gartered and the brim faced with lily of the valley leaf-green petersham; the flowers are violets of the same exquisite shade as the felt. Stiffened black petersham has been used for the model in the centre. The white bird is centred with red to harmonize with the spotted veil, and although ultra smart, it is a decidedly "kind" hat. It would seem as though the creator of the affair on the right had wandered in a Devonshire garden, gathering the loveliest of flowers and holding them in position with loops of green velvet. Among them are wallflowers, white lilac, wood violets and clumps of double daisies, again there are simple felt hats

THE name of Coty is ever associated with perfumes that are different; they are sold everywhere, and so are the bath luxuries portrayed on this page. There are bath salts of the feather persuasion, which dissolve in cold as well as hot water. There is soluble bath oil, which perfumes and softens the water, or some may prefer the tablets, which perform the same missions. In addition to the many excellent attributes of the soap, it is shaped to fit the hand—a trifle, but such an advantage. Furthermore, there is Talc Powder. All wanting to know about the Coty preparations must visit—or if this is impossible, write to—2 New Bond Street, where this firm have artistic salons and really excellent beauty treatments are given



Pictures by Blake



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This severe version has  
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Original Jewelled flower  
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coloured enamel and  
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MISS ANNE MADELEINE ELLIOT

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Elliot, of Longthorpe House, Peterborough, whose engagement is announced to Mr. David Gerald Bevan, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, elder son of the late Mr. Maurice Bevan and of Mrs. Bevan, of Meesden Hall, Buntingford, Hertfordshire

p.m. on Thursday, February 1, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, between Captain Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, and Miss Finola FitzGerald. The marriage will take place in Eton College Chapel on Saturday, February 3 at 2.30 p.m., between Mr. David J. Graham-Campbell and Miss Joan MacLean of Duart.

#### Marrying Abroad.

The wedding will take place shortly in Burma between Mr. Edmund Ronald Leach, younger son of the late Mr. W. E. Leach, of Town Farm, Ivinghoe, and Mrs. Celia Gibson-Fleming, elder daughter of the late

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

#### Tomorrow's Wedding.

The marriage will take place tomorrow at St. Michael's Church, Howick, between Mr. Richard Jeffreys and Miss Nancy Hale. The service is at 11.15 a.m.

#### Today Week's Wedding.

The marriage will take place at 2.30 p.m. next Wednesday at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Mr. Patrick Magor Leatham and the Hon. Cecily Berry.

#### Forthcoming Weddings

The marriage will take place at 2.30



CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. Y. NEPEAN

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Georgiana Cicely Willoughby, only daughter of Mrs. and the late Major N. E. G. Willoughby, of Chancel End House, Heytesbury, Wiltshire. Her husband, Captain Evan Yorke Nepean, Royal Signals, is the only son of Sir Charles Nepean, Bart., and Lady Nepean, of Warminster, Wilts

Mr. H. S. G. Buckmaster and Mrs. Buckmaster, of 2 King's Bench Walk, Temple.

#### Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Flight Lieutenant Henry Cavendish, elder son of the late Mr. Tyrell William Cavendish and Mrs. Julia Cavendish, of Crake-marsh Hall, Uttoxeter, and

Miss Diana Ryle, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Hewish Ryle and of Mrs. French, of Pirton Rectory Manor, Hitchin, Herts, andgrand-daughter of the late

Bishop Ryle, K.C.V.O., D.D., Dean of Westminster; Mr. John Campbell Clarke, only son of the late Dr. H. C. W. Clarke, of Ashton-on-Mersey Cheshire, and Mrs. Clarke, of Hartwell, Formby, and Miss Eleanor Geraldine (Toony) de Courcy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Kingsale; Captain Richard Arthur Cook, Royal Artillery, younger son of the late Captain C. W. Cook, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Cook, of 23 Arundel Gardens, Kensington, and Miss Sheila Mary Ostell Prosser, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Prosser, of Bangalore; Lieutenant-Commander Ian Gibson and Miss Monica Alleyn, daughter of Mrs. Mary Alleyn, Button Juggs, Henley-on-Thames.



MISS UNA SALT

Eldest daughter of Mr. E. W. Salt, M.P., and Mrs. Salt, of Avon Hurst, Tiddington, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Mr. Brian Soole (Cadet, Artists Rifles), second son of the late Mr. W. E. Soole, and Mrs. Soole, of San Remo, Harpenden

*The Classic suit . . .*

Priest grey, single breasted, a smart example of the elegance of line, perfection of cut and quality of material that distinguishes Dalys Bespoke Tailoring . . .

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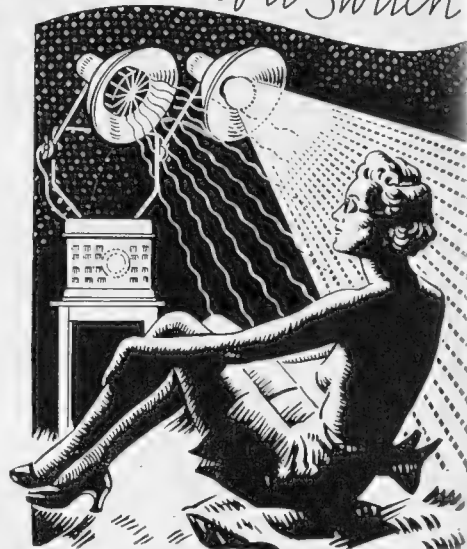


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Chief General Manager: HERBERT A. ASTBURY

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1939

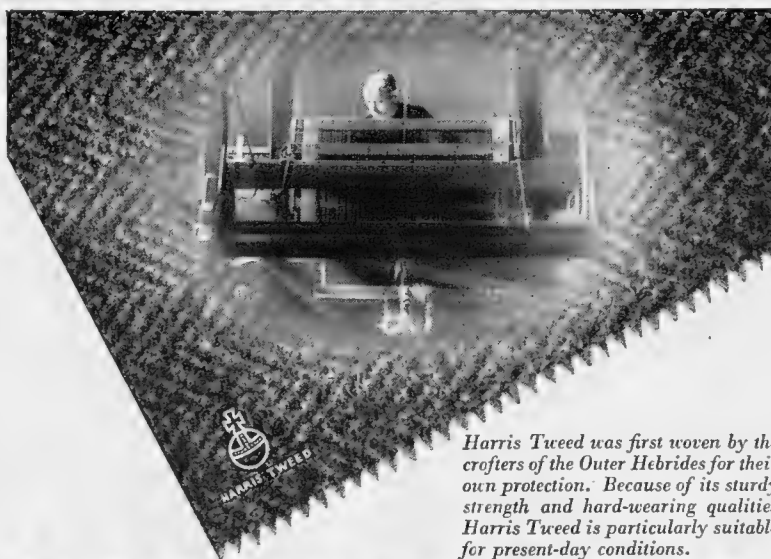
LIABILITIES		£
Capital paid up ...	...	15,158,621
Reserve Fund ...	...	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts ...	...	497,701,631
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits ...	...	7,753,907
Engagements ...	...	9,693,446

ASSETS		
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	57,741,467	
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ...	21,433,321	
Money at Call and Short Notice ...	26,328,499	
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £46,214,794)	65,947,633	
Investments ...	114,455,271	
Advances and other Accounts ...	220,689,155	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	17,447,353	
Bank Premises ...	9,631,542	
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. ...	937,500	
Shares in Affiliated Companies:		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ...	...	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ...	...	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ...	...	8,101,423
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.		

A copy of a 32-page illustrated book entitled "THE SERVICE OF THE MIDLAND BANK" may be obtained, on personal or written application, at any branch in England and Wales, or at the

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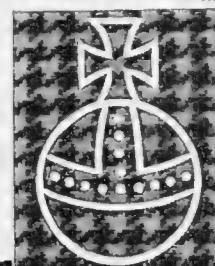
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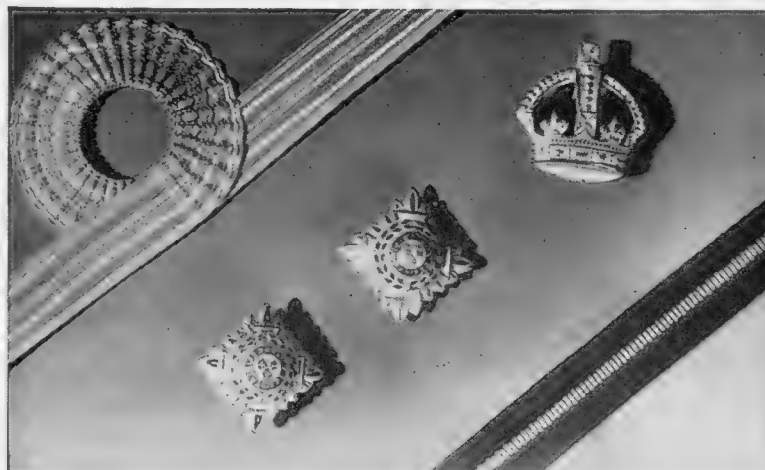


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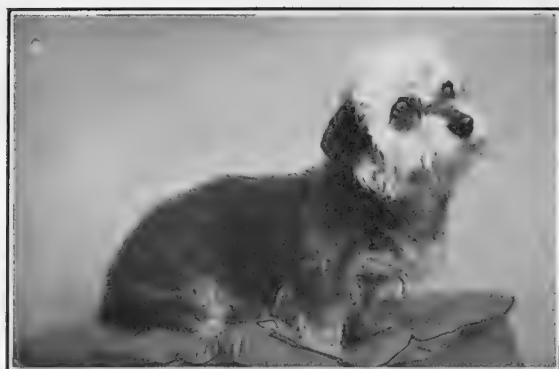
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ALPIN HOBGOBLIN

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sum and retain their membership. We all want to see our good old association through its third war, so as to have it ready to cope with whatever circumstances may arise when the war is over and shows, etc., start again. There are signs that the association may be badly needed.

I have a letter from a refugee veterinary surgeon who formerly occupied a high position in Vienna. Now, like so many others, he has been forced to leave his country and has been some months in England. He and his wife are anxious to get a situation together, in a country house; he to look after horses, dogs or any live stock, his wife as an expert Viennese cook. He has all papers, references, etc., and can be interviewed in London.

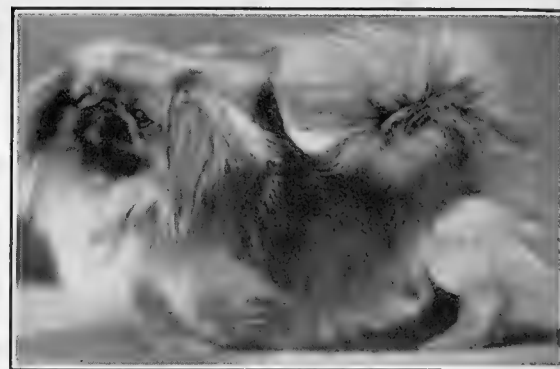
The Dandie always makes a strong appeal, there is something so individual about him, he is unlike any other dog. He has lately become extremely popular, both as a show dog and companion. The Dandie is a great sportsman, like everything coming from the Border, and his melting looks rather belie his character. Mrs. Pearce sends a picture of her good Dandie bitch Alpin Hobgoblin. She has been a persistent winner at championship shows during the past year, and won her second certificate at Cruft's in 1939. Mrs. Pearce also has her daughter, who has not been shown much, but has won several firsts at championship shows.

It is extraordinary to think that it is only

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The time for paying subscriptions is now with us. In deference to circumstances our subscription has been reduced to 5s. for the duration, although of course, if any one likes to pay the full subscription, they may! I do hope all members will pay this small

forty years since the Pekinese became really well known in this country. Specimens had been brought over before, of course, but they were treated rather as exotics and not much progress made. At our early shows in the 'nineties Pekinese were shown with other Toy Spaniels. Then they "came, saw and conquered." It was the time of the influx of foreign breeds, and here was a breed, beautiful, full of character, hardy, no wonder he became a favourite at once. Now he is bred to the greatest perfection. Miss MacEwan has a successful kennel of Pekinese, her dogs are renowned, not only for their beauty but for their hardihood and intelligence. The photograph is of Puck of Crystal Tree, a big winner at large shows. Miss MacEwan has ploughed up some of her land for food production, and is training girls in milking, and all dairy work, also management of horses, goats and poultry, so she is by no means an idle woman.



PUCK OF CRYSTAL TREE

Property of Miss MacEwan



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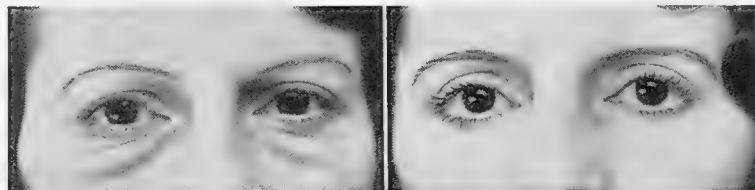
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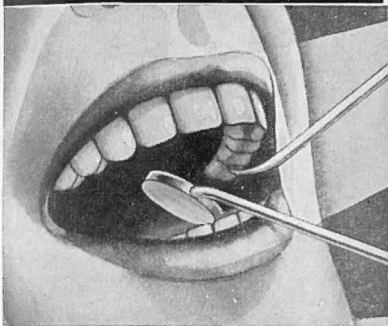
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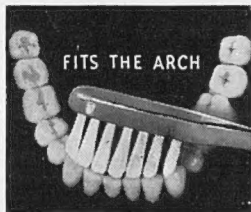


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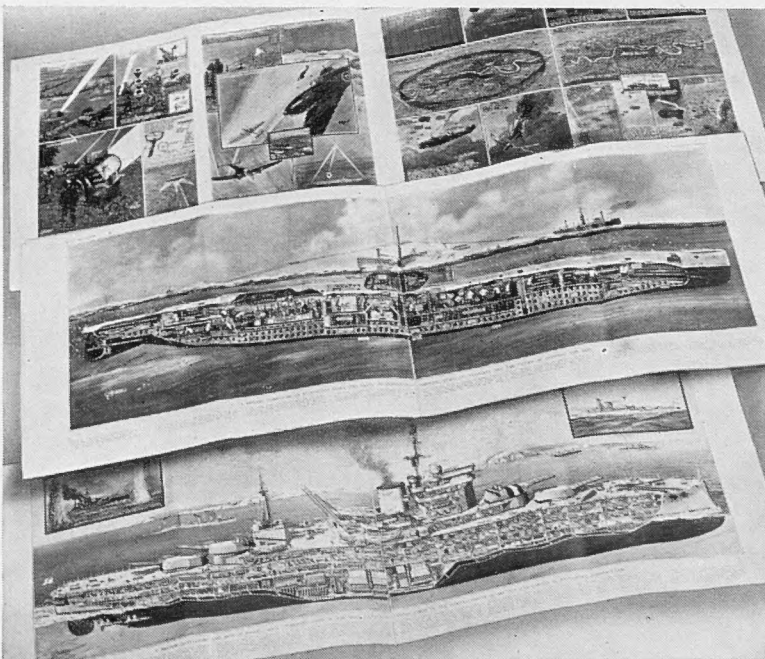
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Here's the way to do it. Take a sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer's' a wonderful two-fold remedy. It contains no aspirin and has no awkward laxative effect, but it overcomes the worst headache like magic, and it definitely counteracts the acidity at the same time. Next time you have a headache or feel tired and listless, take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' You'll be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalinizing elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

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SQUADRON LEADER IRA JONES AND A GROUP OF PILOTS SOMEWHERE IN WALES

Truman Howell

Squadron Leader Ira Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. and bar, M.M., seen in the centre, was the Welsh fighting ace of the last war and was officially credited with forty victories over the Germans and unofficially with double that number. At this centre where the picture was taken he is passing on his great experience to budding Mick Mannocks, that British ace of aces having been a great personal friend of Squadron Leader Ira Jones. The names of the other officers in the group are (left to right): Flying Officer Balmforth, Flying Officer Barritt, Flying Officer Young, Flight Lieutenant Barker, Flying Officer Gain, Flight Lieutenant Thornewell, Flying Officer Nock, Flight Lieutenant Hewitt, Flying Officer Mellor, Flight Lieutenant Winlaw, Flying Officer Toronto-Patterson and Flying Officer Haigh

### Air Eddies—(Continued from page 124)

#### Height.

Meanwhile one begins to wonder about high flying. It seems almost as if it is possible to fly anywhere over an enemy country with a reasonable degree of safety provided only that the machine keeps high enough.

The casualties in our high flying reconnaissance machines and in the German are not very high, relative to our and their bombers. Height was a good protective in the war of 1914-18, and it seems that it is a good protective in this war.

But our reconnaissance machines do not always keep high. I was able to look at some of the photographs they have taken of German positions. These pictures have not, at the time of writing, been released for reproduction; but they are astonishing pictures. Some of them are taken from quite low down and the detail which can be seen is amazing. A lot of fuss has been made over the German pictures of positions in Britain. But these British pictures seem to go right down into the German positions and to give "candid camera" shots of them at close range! They represent brilliant work by our Air Force.

### ROUNABOUT NOTES

**B**and Waggon, starring Arthur (Big-hearted) Askey, Jack Hylton and his band and Richard (Stinker) Murdoch is to be presented by General Film Distributors Ltd., at the Leicester Square Theatre on Friday, January 26.

Big-hearted Arthur Askey, the most popular star in radio today, makes his screen debut in this Gainsborough film, which was directed by Marcel Varnel, who was responsible for the successful Crazy Gang and Will Hay comedies, and should live right up to its radio reputation.

This picture has all the humour of the radio *Band Waggon* and, in addition, possesses new and exciting situations which the cinema makes possible. Several new musical hits are featured.



MR. JONAH BARRINGTON, AUTHOR OF "LORD HAW-HAW OF ZEESEN"

This clever young author has now written a highly amusing spoof biography of the owner of the infamous voice whom he christened with such aptness in the early days of the war. A striking thing is that some of the most farcically funny passages in a very funny book are actual quotations from His Hawship

Dorothy Brandon who wrote *The Outsider* which proved a great success both on stage and screen, has now completed another thriller entitled *The Absence of Doctor Browne*, which is now on at the Richmond Theatre. It is the story of a middle-aged village doctor with the training and capabilities but not the opportunities of a great brain specialist—who has for a long time suppressed his ambitions for the sake of his dependent family of useless sisters. Opportunity at last comes his way when a brilliant politician living in the village becomes in danger of losing his reason, before he can carry out his plan for saving Europe and civilization. Unable to perform his long-dreamed-of operation under his own name, the little doctor assumes the name and guise of a famous London surgeon. The cast includes Ian Fleming (in the title rôle) John Longden, Andrew Osborn, Robert Beattie, Winifred Hindle, Grey Blake and Josephine Wilson. It is produced by Harold Clayton.

The rather unusual gathering of dramatic talent at the Chelsea Polytechnic A.R.P. depot, which embraces writing, acting and production, has now been organized and the Depot Two Players' Society has been formed. From January 17 to 20 they presented *The Snow Queen*, an adaptation, composed by some of the young writers in the depot, of Hans Andersen's story. Gerda, who seeks her lover whom the Snow Queen has stolen, was played by Pamela Stanley, whose performance as Victoria Regina in Laurence Housman's play will be remembered. The Snow Queen was played by her sister, Adelaide Stanley, now a commandant at the first-aid post, who was seen in Herbert Farjeon's production of *The Two Bouquets* and in the pre-war production of *The Little Dog Laughed*.

The costumes were designed by Hugh Skillen, the young actor who designed the masks for *Johnson Over Jordan* and were executed by Miss Worsley of the first-aid post with the assistance of several nurses.



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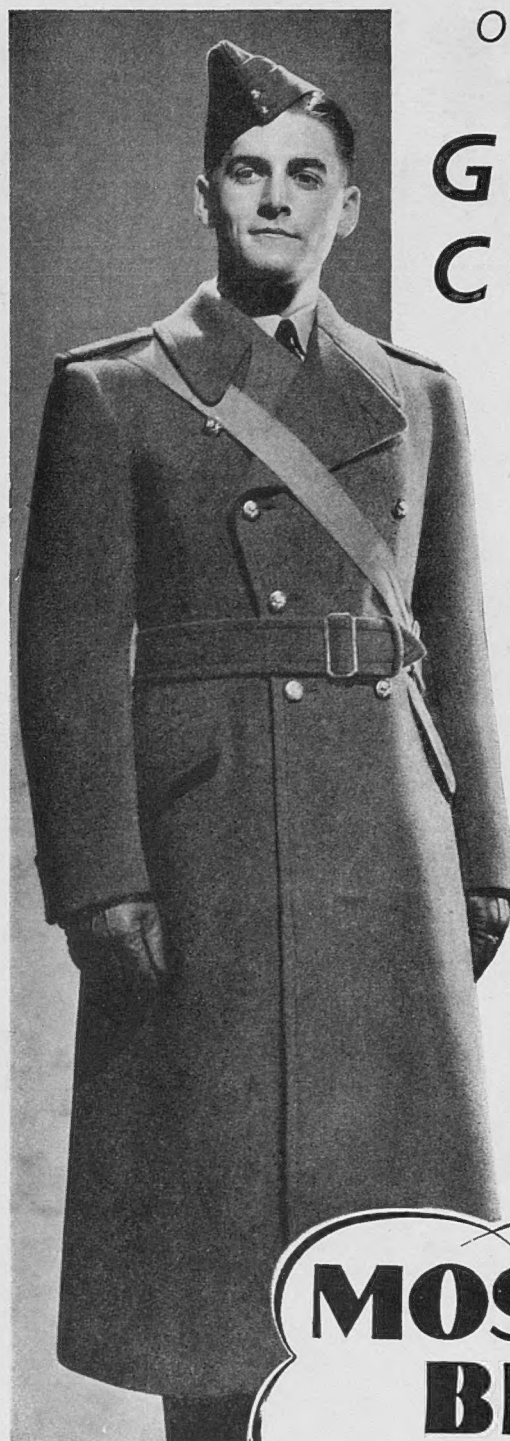
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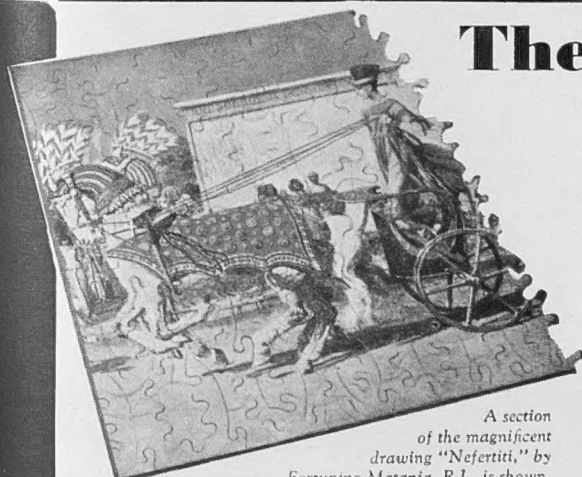
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Eye," by William van de Velde the Younger; "H.M. The King riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose," Size 17 in. by 13 in., Price 6/6.

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Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of

consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business. A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine, "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

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